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POEMS,  
SONGS,  
AND BALLADS.



BY  
WALTER TOWERS.



In memory of

Irene Burnside Sheldon

from a gift by

Prof & Mrs. David B Abernethy

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To,

Charles Brown Esq<sup>r</sup>.

I pray you sir accept of this  
small token of regard,  
From one who knows your worth exceed  
such trifling reward.

But though I had Carnagie's wealth  
And played Carnagie's part;  
My actions would not half outweigh  
The goodness of your heart.

Myreton Cottage,  
Bonnybridge.

Aug<sup>r</sup> 30<sup>th</sup> 1898.

POEMS, SONGS, & BALLADS.



Poems, Songs,

AND

Ballads.

BY

WALTER TOWERS.

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GLASGOW :

A. BRYSON & CO., 142 TRONGATE,  
1885.

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## PREFACE.

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THE contents of the following pages are the result of pleasant musings in leisure hours. But in case any one may be inclined to look into them with a severely critical eye, it may be as well to say that the author has to earn his livelihood at a carpenter's bench, hence the sphere of his labour limits the opportunity for extensively cultivating the acquaintanceship of the Muses. Although there is no desire on his part to escape adverse criticism, it is only natural that he may hope to be looked at from a proper stand-point: this of course applies to the immediate future, for it may with truth be conceded that the flattery of critics never saved a work that was worthless, nor did their condemnation ever send one to oblivion that had merit. In the perusal of a book, even, if only a faint heart be made strong, or a weary one refreshed, the labour bestowed upon its production cannot be counted altogether fruitless.

It is with a feeling of the deepest gratitude that the author thanks his subscribers, and all those who have in any way interested themselves on his behalf. He regrets his productions are not a more adequate recompense for their trouble; for he is perfectly sensible of the fact that, but for the help of others, it would have been quite impossible for him to have brought the undertaking to a successful issue.

W. T.

175 PAISLEY ROAD, WEST,  
GLASGOW, *June, 1885.*

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# The Maid of Myreton.

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## INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

THE poem is founded upon a tradition associated with the "Maiden Stone" of Tullibody Churchyard. The following is from the *Gazetteer of Scotland*, published in 1842:—"There is still a large burying-ground around this church; and on the north side of it, where there had been formerly an entry, there is a stone coffin, with a niche for the head, and two for the arms, covered with a thick hollowed lid like a tureen. The lid is a good deal broken; but a curious tradition is preserved of the coffin." As the tradition given in the *Gazetteer* is substantially the same as that related by Mr. James Lothian in his *Alloa and its Environs*, the latter is given, as it is the most comprehensive of the two:—"About the year 1449, in the reign of James the Second, Peter Beaton, at that time a priest of Tullibody, fell in love with Martha, a lady of great beauty and accomplishments, the only child of Wishart, the laird of Myreton. The passion appears to have been reciprocated by the lady. But the intentions of the priest of Tullibody were not honourable, and when this was discovered the circumstance so affected the lady that her health gave way. When dying her desire was, in the words of a modern ballad, 'Martha of Myreton'—

'That my poor worn and wasted frame  
Encoffined be in stone;  
And by the church-door closely laid,  
Nor mould nor turf thereon.'

It is to be regretted that the 'Maiden Stone' has not been very carefully protected from unscrupulous relic-hunters."

# THE MAID OF MYRETON;

*A Tale of Tullibody.*

---

## PART I.

---

THE towering Ochils all unrobed of snow,  
Looked smiling down upon the plains below ;  
O'er braided fields the lark, on fluttering wing,  
Proclaimed its joy and bright returning Spring.  
No more the streams were ice-clad on the hill,  
But, freely flowing, drove each busy mill ;  
So mild a Spring bespoke a bounteous crop,  
Filling each farmer's heart with pleasing hope.  
And not a farm in all the country round,  
For signs of plenty, or for well-tilled ground,  
Could match the Myreton ; and for weight of grain,  
No heavier grew on Stirling's fertile plain.  
The laird himself—a handsome man, and tall,



Beloved at home, and much esteemed by all ;  
Of easy manner, and a ready wit,  
His word was law where'er he tendered it.  
His wife—a dame of fifty years or so—  
More stern of feature, somewhat fond of show ;  
A youthful beauty lingered on her face ;  
With head erect, she walked with stately pace,  
That moved the stranger to a reverend awe—  
So proud was she, and formal as the law.  
And it was strange, yet not more strange than true,  
With all her pride folks somehow liked her too :  
Nay, e'en rejoiced to know that she could claim  
A distant kinship to the house of Græme.  
The home at Myreton was a home of peace,  
And year by year still saw their means increase,  
Though much was lavished by the good laird's hand  
Upon his house, his steading, and his land.  
And then his garden was a pretty place,  
So sweetly nestling at the Ochil's base ;  
The rarest flowers and richest fruit grew there,  
And feathered songsters thrilled the scented air.  
And Martha watched that none would be possessed  
Of sweet young warblers in their cosy nest ;  
But all should fly, and swell the merry throng,  
To make the earth more blessed with their song.  
Her father loved her for so pure a mind ;  
Her mother praised her for a heart so kind—  
She was their first, indeed their only child,  
Indulged sometimes, no doubt, but never spoiled ;  
For fond regard and kind parental care

Were never dealt on one more good and fair—  
So meek was she, so frank, so kind, so free,  
With open purse for every beggar's plea.  
She loved all things, and all she loved to please,  
Nor stooped to vulgar tricks, to scheme and tease :  
Her ways were simple, pure, and void of art,  
That never fail to touch the human heart.  
Her yearly birthday had her father kept—  
The fond observance into custom crept—  
His constant talk for weeks ere it drew near,  
He loved to mark her progress year by year  
From child to maid, from maid to what she stood—  
A floweret, bursting into womanhood.  
So invitations had been duly sent,  
And this the day to celebrate the event :  
Her maiden aunt was busy, hand and tongue,  
Setting, re-setting, scolding old and young,  
With clattering, bustling, hurrying o'er the floor—  
It almost drown'd a knocking at the door  
Of Cousin Scott, who came from three miles east  
Beyond Dunfermline, to enjoy the feast.  
He gave directions how his horse to groom ;  
With plaid and bonnet off, he sought the room,  
Led by the laird, whose utmost thought and care  
Was of the event, and what should happen there.  
Fair Martha asked for all kind friends at home,  
And marvelled much to see they had not come.  
The neighbours soon on foot were crowding thick :  
Two gallants spurred their horse to double quick—  
Johnston and Drysdale, eager, flushed, and hot,

Bound full in sight, and flew like arrow's shot.  
Wild Drysdale led, till Johnston spurred with force :  
One bound—hurrah ! the winner was his horse.  
Both men, dismounting, with a smile shook hands ;  
The laird alert attends to their commands,  
Sends off their horse, conducts each to a seat—  
The tables groan'd with dishes rich and sweet.  
At length hill clouds obscured the cheerful sun ;  
Some, most impatient, wished the feast begun.  
The priest arose—said grace—resumed his chair ;  
The blessing over, those assembled there  
Fell to with zest, and hearty right good-will ;  
Ate, joked, and laughed, and sung, and drank their fill.  
The mirth was growing boisterous, strong, and loud,  
Ere went the priest from out the happy crowd ;  
For he was young, so it might not surprise,  
The daring frenzy that danced in his eyes.  
Although, from him, it seemed a want of grace,  
The liquid darts he threw in Martha's face ;  
But then, you see, they both were friends, and then  
He lent her books, and taught her much of men.  
Well, be it so, he's off, and there sits she,  
A little dull, amongst such mirth and glee ;  
Yet what of that : to those who paid her court,  
She laughing said she relished much the sport.

The fiddlers now assembled in the barn ;  
Fair Martha takes the lead—the rest in turn—  
With Cousin Scott her partner for the dance,  
The crowd is silent as they both advance.

Her every motion seemed with music fraught—  
A sort of harmony one's senses caught,  
To see her gliding smoothly here and there,  
Like downy gossamer upon the air.  
No stupid, stiff, unwieldy thing was she,  
But ready, nimble, affable, and free.  
Her partner Scott, was tall, robust, and strong—  
The very man to lead so wild a throng ;  
No heart e'er beat more furious to a fiddle,  
He almost flew in "Triumph" up the middle.  
And happy was he when he saw his zest  
With life and energy inspire the rest.  
Those were not days of waltz and tame quadrille,  
But country dance and spirit-rousing reel ;  
So every heart was swayed by music's charm,  
With look intent each fiddler plied his arm,  
Till soul and sense were held in rapturous spell  
Beyond the power of speech, or pen to tell.  
The laird at first tripped nimbly on the floor,  
But failing vigour bade him soon give o'er ;  
And so he sought the bairn's farthest end,  
Along with Allan, an old trusty friend  
(Old Allan of the Grange he went by name).  
The two had played at school in many a game :  
A bachelor confirmed his whole life through,  
Was past threescore, and wealthy as a Jew.  
And as they sat, they talked of horse and kine,  
And great exploits at fairs, and trysts langsyne ;  
While Martha, now and then, would smiling pass,  
And Allan, well pleased, called her "bonny lass."

At other times he'd place her on his chair,  
And pass his fingers o'er her silken hair ;  
Then off she'd spring, and leave him staring there.  
" Ay, ay ! so strapping, trig, blythe, frank, and smart,  
She almost plays the devil with my heart ;  
Had I been but one score, instead of three,  
I would have asked her, faith, my wife to be."  
" Allan, give o'er, she's but a bairn, ye gowk,  
And barely cast aside her schooling frock ;  
Were it some fool, but you ! a man of sense—  
Excuse me when I laugh at your expense."  
" Laugh on laird, laugh, there's nothing in't to mock,  
I'm sober yet, nor do I mean to joke ;  
She has my gear, my land, my all, in fine,  
The day you put the lassie's hand in mine."  
" Were you in earnest—tuts, it cannot be !  
You're only making sport of her and me ;  
The lass is young, and you are spent in years,  
And as to her consent, I have my fears ;  
And as to force—no friend of mine would sue  
When I said ' Stop ! she is not wanting you.'"  
" Allan, believe, is made of different stuff—  
His heart is warm, although his manner's rough ;  
The sneaking part is ne'er the part he played,  
He acts it not with either man or maid."  
" Well, well, dear Allan, need we sit and tease ?  
Another day will set your mind at ease."  
Then up they got, and joined the busy crowd,  
The laird's heart gay, and Allan's big and proud.  
Oh ! such a night : the whole place constant rung,

Some played at games, while others roared and sung.  
In truth, it was a never-ending treat :  
They rose to dance, or else they sat to eat.

Abroad, the night was cool, and quiet, and calm,  
Unless when watch-dog, owl, or wandered lamb,  
At times would raise a weird resounding cry,  
Then earth resumed the silence of the sky.  
Across the Devon, bordering on the wood,  
Old Tullibody's church and village stood ;  
A window there, conspicuous by its light,  
Sent out a feeble ray against the night.  
Did sickness drive the inmate from his bed ?  
An aching heart, or wild distracted head ?  
We soon shall see : It was a narrow room,  
There sat a man, deep wrapt in silent gloom ;  
The fire-place black, and large lamp flickering faint,  
That dimly lit the statue of a saint.  
The walls held pictures, but their hue or class  
'Twas with the imagination but to guess.  
And who was he ? Young Beaton, sure, the priest,  
Who spoke the grace at Martha's birth-day feast ;  
Deep was he sunk within a pond'rous chair,  
But why at such an hour does he sit there ?  
He reads not, neither does he write ; but that  
Big open volume he's been lately at,  
He, rising, shuts it with repulsive force,  
And thus proceeds, in accents deep and hoarse :  
'Down, down I sink ; Hell's furies drag me down,  
To stain mine honour and pollute my gown ;

In vain have I implored high Heaven for aid,  
To quench the flame that burns for earthly maid.  
Each saint in turn I have assailed with prayer—  
No power can wrench me from this fatal snare,  
My oft-repeated vows have come to nought,  
Still, still my words belie my inmost thought !  
How comes it all ? Why this wild war, forsooth ?  
Blame what I may, my destiny or youth.  
Deep cradled in my heart a form divine !  
So says my soul, and worships at its shrine.  
Gone is my wisdom ; ah, my once proud boast,  
My self-denial too—all, all are lost,  
Alas, oh God ! I sin, I sink, I fall :  
Death, save these pangs, oblivion cover all !  
If I must live, no more must pinch my cloth,  
I'll work, and wear my robes—right easy both.”  
His voice departed from the angry growl,  
His brow relented, too, the sullen scowl  
That in the darkness gave his handsome face  
A marked resemblance to a fiendish race.  
“ Happy I'll be—why should I vex my clay ?  
The loathsome tabernacle of a day.  
But hark ! confound that horny trumpet cock !  
My lamp burns out—what ! can the morn be broke ?  
Again your grating voice assails mine ears—  
Crow on till doom, you will not rouse my fears !  
Peter, forewarned, may have shook with dread  
To hear your ancient father crow in bed ;  
But I to bed must go, a weary sinner,  
And you may serve me for to-morrow's dinner.”

## PART II.

A SABBATH morn serenely calm and still,  
No labour heard by forest, field, or hill ;  
The village basked in solemn, quiet repose,  
Nor toiling din nor boist'rous mirth arose.  
The sun shone down in splendour from the sky ;  
The hills looked scorched, the Devon almost dry ;  
And little birds sought shelter in the wood,  
While cows lay down to ruminate their food.  
The people came to church at easy rate,  
And went within—few loitered near the gate ;  
Amongst the first of those assembled there,  
The maid of Myreton, beauteous, fresh, and fair,  
Between her parents sat ; but few could mark  
The kindled glance, the animated spark  
That lit her eyes at entrance of the priest,  
And spoke of more than zeal for heavenly feast.  
He barely yet had reached one score and ten,  
And younger looked at that than most of men.  
His cheeks a cherry hue, and he was fair,  
With eyes of blue that seemed to mock all care ;  
His locks rose o'er his brow in graceful swirl,  
And hung around his ears in shortened curl ;  
Firm mouth, lips full, and teeth like ivory bright,  
Broad shouldered, tall, with hands small, neat, and white.



His words came forth soft, sonorous, and round,  
And seldom fell unheeded to the ground ;  
He never used the devil's brimstone rod  
To frighten sinners into love of God.  
Nay, some declared his preaching far too mild :  
He treated men as parents spoil a child,  
Nor drove them hard to keep the narrow way ;  
Would frame excuse for such as went astray.  
This partly sprung from his own native mind :  
His feelings still went with the erring kind ;  
His conscience said, "Indulgence must be given,  
We fall and rise, and so arrive at Heaven."  
Such was the priest, to Tullibody sent  
To lead the good and bid the bad repent,  
To-day his theme the influence of love  
Enjoyed by good men here, and all above.  
Young Martha stirred not while her parents sat,  
She loved to hear that voice whatever at ;  
Oh ! could her heart but speak without restraint,  
Would it not say she loved him as a saint ?  
For every time of late at Myreton farm,  
To her he wore a more than earthly charm ;  
And since her last birthday, each week at least,  
They had a passing visit from the priest.  
No wonder, then, although the sermon's o'er,  
She with her parents lingers near the door—  
To go away without a friendly chat  
A slight discourtesy to marvel at.  
But here comes Beaton with the faintest smile,  
An adept he at varied speech and style ;

He praises much the laird's fine fields of grain,  
And with him hopes and trusts soon to have rain ;  
He knows not how his wife so far could come,  
But trusts her strength will bear her safely home ;  
He marvels much how she endures the heat :  
Indeed, he magnifies it to a feat.  
Then Martha's hand he somewhat lingering shook,  
His eye caught her's with pleasing, earnest look ;  
He praised her as her parents' joy and boon,  
As sweet a flower as ever sprang in June.  
With compliments and phrases such as these,  
Each greets the other, and all strive to please ;  
And then they part, with happy, kind good-bye,  
The priest goes home, the rest to Myreton hie.

Man's face, indeed, is an indifferent chart  
Whereon to read the workings of the heart :  
Some smile, and smile, yet your destruction plot,  
As sure as wrecker in his dreaded boat ;  
Yet there are others—would that all were so !—  
Who'd rather die than breed their neighbours woe.

That week, to Martha's great delight, there came  
Some Stirling friends who bore her mother's name ;  
They were three sisters : two were fair, and one  
Shone with a lustre borrowed from the sun.  
And much they wished to reach Demyat's top,  
But then the laird was busy with his crop ;  
No doubt it would have been his joy and pride  
At once to be instructor, friend, and guide ;

But they would not to Martha's wishes yield  
To send and fetch him from the distant field.  
But who is he comes up the way alone ?  
Ah ! Martha knows ; already she is gone  
And brings him up—the priest ! the very man ;  
Indeed, at once he yielded to their plan.  
So after lunch, they all with right good-will  
And happy hearts prepare to climb the hill.

It was a day that painters like to take  
For filling in a distant broad landscape :  
Far fring'd the horizon many a silvery cloud,  
Anon the sun looked down through fleecy shroud,  
That softened much its steady, burning blaze,  
And made it one of Summer's finest days ;  
And on the hill so sweet, now warm, now cool,  
Birds flit about, fish sport in every pool ;  
A lonely sheep steals round some jutting rock,  
Affrighted starts, then turns to join the flock.  
At length our friends attained their fondest hope,  
And snugly nestled on Demyat's top.  
The hills away far undulating rise,  
And melt and mingle with the distant skies ;  
Far off, the flocks are wandering wild and free,  
Like little stars on Heaven's broad canopy ;  
Below, and spreading wide, is Stirling's plain,  
Rich and luxuriant now with rising grain ;  
Small seem the fields, and wondrous smooth to view,  
And every one of different shade and hue ;  
The Forth is seen from Stirling's rocky steep,

Slow winding down in beauteous curve and sweep.  
Beaton points out the fields where Wallace bore  
The brunt of battle in the days of yore ;  
And where the Bruce his conquering flag unfurled,  
And every despot from his kingdom hurled.  
Long was the tale indeed of all he told—  
The sun was sinking, and the breeze grew cold.  
At last they gave one lingering look below  
Upon the Myreton, then resolved to go.  
Martha, with spirits high, would take the lead ;  
The priest would hold her back, or cry "Take heed."  
But what of that ? again she's off like wind,  
And leaves the others lagging far behind ;  
A treacherous rock with steep and sudden fall,  
Like quarry front, or ashlar-hewn wall,  
Lies in her way : could she the danger spy ?  
But on she goes, with head erect and high,  
And on, and on, until she sees the snare,  
And hears the priest cry, "Stop, stop ! danger there."  
Awestruck he stood, he gazed, he gasped for breath,  
"Oh God !" he cried, "She rushes on her death !"  
In vain she slants her course : a moment more  
Loud rose a shriek, and then she bounded o'er.  
His eyes grew faint, he reeled, he almost fell—  
A moment passed, and he again is well.  
Like eagle's swoop, he down with hasty stride  
Slides o'er the rock, was kneeling by her side.  
He takes her arm, the pulse slow comes and goes,  
The others quickly ease her tighten'd clothes ;  
She opes her eyes, then shuts them slow again,

Like one who strives to hide or smother pain.  
With gladdened hearts they watch her coming round,  
And then at length they raise her from the ground,  
And lead her slowly to the nearest rill ;  
Beaton, well pleased, sees her improving still.  
And now she thinks just with a little aid  
To travel easy down the mountain side ;  
So off they go, but slowly, arm in arm,  
And soon arrive again at Myreton farm.  
Her mother swooned, her father wondering gazed ;  
Beaton exclaimed, " Fear not, yet God be praised !"   
With tender care they place her in her bed,  
To rest her limbs, and sooth her aching head ;  
Her father bade them keep her quiet and still,  
And rode to Stirling for advice and skill.  
The hours passed on, she slept, and woke, and slept,  
And oft in wild convulsions almost leapt  
Right out of bed ; then fell with heavy sigh,  
Fatigued and weary to her mother cry.  
Next day the doctor saw, enquired, and then  
Advised, prescribed, and said he'd call again ;  
And Beaton soon was standing by her bed,  
Invoking blessings on her guileless head.  
From listless ease, or fierce and feverish strife,  
Her soul at once burst into vigorous life ;  
Bright grew her eyes, health shone upon her face,  
No sign of sickness now, one there could trace.  
She smiling talked in accents soft and clear,  
Her mother's heart no longer nourished fear ;  
She saw that Beaton wrought a wond'rous spell,

The why, and wherefore, she could easy tell :  
Our chastisements for sins we must endure,  
And but the man of God alone can cure.  
But passing time bade Beaton hie away,  
'Though Martha's tongue would fain have cried "Oh  
stay,"

So happy was she, for when he was gone,  
Her cheeks grew pale, her eyes but dimly shone.  
Could aught on earth have granted her one wish,  
That wish had been his dear familiar voice  
Forever sounding on her greedy ear  
The livelong day, and no one standing near.  
But no ; alas ! she must such thoughts forego—  
Such selfish thoughts—she must not wicked grow.

So time sped on ; first passed one week, then two,  
And Martha, slowly mending, better grew ;  
Beaton assiduous, called still once a day,  
Would wait an hour, and sometimes longer stay ;  
Indeed, of late all had so kind become,  
He looked upon it as a sort of home.  
To-day her mother outside, and of course  
He asks for all, then walks into the house.  
Martha ere this had sought the bosky glen  
To muse on things unknown to worldly men ;  
She loved to see the little rippling stream  
Sleep in the shade, or dance in sunny beam,  
Jinking, and toying round each mossy stone,  
Then glide away demurely all alone.  
She rests on bank o'erhung with yellow broom,

And modest hyacinth of azure bloom ;  
On either hand two sweet-briars guard her seat,  
And graceful lady-ferns surround her feet.  
But now she hears soft footsteps slow advance,  
And looking round, she takes in at a glance  
Hector, their dog, with head bent to the ground,  
Snuffing and scamp'ring, never looking round ;  
Her eyes met his, he barked and jumped about,  
Wild, mad with joy that he had found her out.  
Beaton, advancing, grasped her lily hand,  
More fair, he said, than any in the land ;  
And then her form, that graceful form of hers,  
Was straight, and stately as the mountain firs :  
And as they wandered slowly down the stream  
Blythe was their hearts, for love was all the theme.

But they must part : and yet the truth to say  
He loathes to go, she fears to bid him stay ;  
He wrings her hand, and gives—and gives—a kiss—  
But then from him it could not be amiss ;  
Because they part, and hope to meet again—  
Her heart is sore, and his oppress'd with pain.

That night young Scott took Martha by surprise,  
As up the road with two good horse he hies ;  
“ I've kept my promise, lass, you see I've come ;  
And, Martha dear, to-morrow I go home,  
And Jane and May, and little Tib and Hugh,  
With hearts and hands will gladly welcome you ;  
And as in days of yore you will not tire  
With sport a-field, and fun around the fire.”

She loved her cousin for his homely ways,  
Her heart would leap to see his eyes ablaze ;  
And yet a coldness o'er her senses stole :  
He moved her heart, but could not win her soul.  
She thanked him much ; by early morn they ride—  
He prancing goes, she quietly by his side.  
Beaton, unknowing, called the foll'wing day,  
And much surprised, heard Martha was away ;  
Down sunk his heart, a pang shot through his brain.  
His twitching lips proclaim an inward pain ;  
He mutters to himself, " What ! is she gone ?  
'Tis strange that I should feel so sad alone ;  
Oh, if her heart like mine, were bound in love,  
She had not dared a wanton one to rove.  
Come, gentle Hope, my heavy heart sustain !  
Teach me to feel we soon shall meet again."  
Now he is off, and down the road descends,  
Thinks of his love, her parents, and her friends.

Some hearts grow cold when distance lies between,  
Some cease to love a form if long unseen ;  
These, worthless worldlings, or the dotards old ;  
Not so the young, the vigorous and bold :  
They court the storm, or hug the wild romance,  
Or quietly dream in love's delusive trance.  
Such were our heroes, sensitive and young,  
Led on by fancy, vivid, fresh and strong.

A month, since Martha had from Myreton went,  
A month it was of fun and frolic spent ;  
Now she returned in health and spirits well,



Each cheek a rose, and voice like silver bell.  
Beaton soon learned that she was safely home,  
And so to Myreton farm did quickly come.

It was a day at close of sweet July,  
The sun shone bright, and streams were almost dry ;  
And Martha sat within her chamber fair,  
Her joy complete if Beaton had been there.  
The garden flowers sent forth a sweet perfume,  
That stole through open lattice round the room ;  
The room itself was cooling, rich, and grand,  
Like dreamy shade of witching fairyland.  
But hark ! a rap, and Martha cries " Come in "—  
Back goes the door—'tis Beaton's self, I ween ;  
They now shake hands with spirit, zeal, and zest,  
The dormant love awoke in Martha's breast ;  
She looks with rapture in his handsome face,  
He holds her gently in his warm embrace ;  
A perfect shower of heaven's pure love was there,  
Angels, nor men, ere saw a happier pair ;  
Each minute bore the raptures of a kiss—  
Their cup was streaming with o'erflowing bliss.  
Man tastes but once the joy of such an hour,  
When Heaven and earth agree to spend their power.  
Outside, the zephyr stirred the flower-lodged bees,  
And sent them humming through the dusky trees ;  
Two budding roses kissed the window pane,  
They tapping nod, then nodding, tap again.  
'Twas all in vain, those lovers in that room  
Had kissed their fill although the crack of doom.

## PART III.

Time is the teacher that confounds the fool,  
Let sages guess, experience proves a rule ;  
Time, like a friend when gone, we value most,  
Time never tires though men droop at their post :  
Time is the only patron genius needs,  
The crucial test of pride's presumptuous creeds ;  
Time lives on earth, Time reaches to the sky,  
Time is the token of eternity.  
And as we live, what changes come in time—  
A heart once warm may grow like Arctic clime ;  
The crave appeased, some goal, or object won,  
All soon grow cold and commonplace when done.  
When shall the world grow wise ? Youth cease to err,  
Subdue its passions, and control desire ?  
Oh ! had our heroes but observed this truth,  
Their minds had drank the blissful joys of youth ;  
But man must reap whatever he may sow,  
While earth revolves and seasons come and go.


The fields about that lately smiled with grain  
Are bleak and bare, and joyless once again ;  
Our laird needs not by early morn to watch,  
Secure his harvest under sheltering thatch ;  
And Martha tried to smile when all were glad,  
But, oh ! her heart—her heart was dull and sad.

To-day she has resolved to visit friends,  
To Tullibody soon her way she wends ;  
Their cart that morn had left her father's home,  
'Twould fetch her back, as it her way would come.  
Her errands o'er—at least all saving one,  
To call on Beaton then her work was done ;  
To give a book, a work that he had lent,  
But why could Martha not the book have sent ?  
Oft will the heart the judgment lead astray,  
And sadly err if passion point the way.  
She rapped, and Beaton slowly ope'd the door,  
Received her not as he had done before ;  
She stands before him, purposeless and still,  
She feels constrained by his superior will.  
He looks inquiringly into her face,  
Then draws within, she steps into the place.  
A silence reigns, for neither of them spoke ;  
Beaton at length the painful silence broke—  
“ What brings you here, and why disturb my quiet ?  
Why drive me with my heart to maddening riot ?  
Meet me at church ; yes, there at eight o'clock,  
And I shall welcome you amongst my flock.  
A life of prayer your former sins will blot,  
For I've resolved our past must be forgot ;  
And nought on earth shall shake my firm resolve,  
Nor beauty move, nor tears my heart dissolve,  
I stand prepared, as cold and firm as rock  
To woman's wiles, or man's avenging stroke.”  
With haughty air he now awaits reply,  
She only answers with a long-drawn sigh.

His eyes are fired, he thunders out : " Begone !  
I seek you not, so pray leave me alone ;  
Well had it been had I ne'er seen that face,  
O ! then, how bless'd, my name escaped disgrace ;  
And when I strive my mind's peace to restore,  
You will waylay me or besiege my door ;  
Know once for all, that I by Heaven have sworn  
That never child shall unto me be born."  
Poor Martha bathed in tears, sobs drown'd her sighs,  
She cried to Heaven for help, Heaven heard her cries.  
He dogged hears, in silent, sullen gloom,  
As loud her words reverberate through the room,  
" Oh ! man, look up ! say, canst thou call it play,  
A helpless maid to conquer and betray !  
Say, was I first to breathe the amorous love ?  
Who sapped the faith I had in Heaven above ?  
Who taught me, ay ! to laugh at Papish rule ?  
And priestly vows as shackles of a school ?  
You ! you it was, then is your conscience free !  
To teach me so, and then abandon me ?"  
" Tempt me no more, I will not further hear !  
Your babbling tongue in vain assails mine ear,  
It would not move me, no ! though it were strong  
As devil's curse, or sweet as seraph's song.  
Could I contented live a village show ?  
The gossips' tale and man and God my foe ;  
Oh, never ! I have done, away ! away !  
Think not of me, but God, and fast, and pray."  
Silence again, till Martha thus begun,  
' Perfidious, false, deceitful, cruel one,


How dare you bid me think of God and pray?  
Who wiled my heart from God and Heaven away?  
I will seek God, but not the god you teach,  
I will seek Heaven, but not the heaven you preach.  
Oh, did the world but know you, deep as I!  
Its cry were shame! on such hypocrisy!  
What makes you scowl, and stare with bated breath?  
I read your looks to kindly promise death,  
Be not in haste, ha! ha! my wedding's near,  
My long wished bridal bed, the narrow bier."  
Beaton's blood boiled, he deigned to hear no more,  
But rushed like madman and unbarred the door,  
"Go! go!" he cried, "nor tempt me from my God!  
I loath thee, as I would the foulest toad,"  
And spat on her, oh! sorest deadliest wound!  
Then sent her sprawling headlong on the ground.  
He looked not out to see what he had done,  
But left her there, unguarded and alone.

The night was cold, a quiet soft drizzling wet  
Was seen to fall, the sun was newly set;  
Martha arose and staggered from his door,  
She was not hurt, but oh! her heart was sore,  
Her father's servant need no longer wait,  
She wanders home regardless of her fate;  
The swollen Devon moaning sweeps along,  
She knew its waters could wipe out her wrong,  
But oh! her parents and the thought of blame,  
Kind had they been, she could not cause them shame.  
The bridge is passed, but she is tired and weak,



She longs to rest, and ease and shelter seek ;  
Close by some stacks built of her father's hay,  
Now meet her eye and tempt her off her way.  
Fatigued she lies upon that damp cold bed,  
A fallen prop supports her aching head ;  
And there she lay regardless what passed by,  
Nor rain descending from a darksome sky.  
It scarce was sleep, it was a feverish dream,  
For fancy led her thoughts by its bright gleam :  
She was at home, and in her room secure,  
Anon she heard a tapping at the door,  
"Open," she cried, and Beaton then came in,  
He kissed her hand, and called her "lovely queen!"  
It was a day of summer bright and fair,  
The sweet perfume of roses filled the air,  
The lark was chambered in the cooling cloud,  
The mellow black-bird in the sheltering wood ;  
No human ear ere heard a merrier throng,  
No heaven borne breeze ere wafted sweeter song :  
And Beaton told her tales, oft told before,  
But still the oftener she admired the more ;  
She praised his voice, she praised his brilliant wit,  
None in these days could hope to equal it.  
And then he took her in his warm embrace,  
She felt his glowing breath upon her face,  
She saw his bosom heave in muffled sigh,  
Spell bound she hung beneath his glittering eye.  
He kissed her lips and her's confessed the spell,  
Then turning round she fled, but fleeing fell ;  
The fancied fall her troubled slumber broke,

Cold, wet, and weary, she amazed awoke.  
The cart had passed but not their faithful dog,  
Alone he traced her steps through rain and fog;  
And close beside her quietly made his bed,  
He dared not bark lest she might be afraid.  
"Hector!" she cried, "Oh, Hector, is it you?"  
He licked her hand and kindlier closer drew,  
Big swelled her heart and choked the coming words,  
A death cold shudder tugged her vital cords;  
With rallying strength she cried in frantic scream  
"Tell me, oh God! is this—is this a dream?  
That man so formed of angel mind above,  
Is shamed by dog in constancy of love."  
Upon her knees she wept, tears fell like rain,  
This soothed her breast and eased her fevered brain;  
At length she rose, and home her way she wends,  
The faithful dog her every step attends.  
The house was gained and all looked bright and warm,  
But all to her had lost its former charm;  
Stretched on her bed, she then besought her God  
To ease her bosom of its heavy load.  
Long, long she lay, her eyelids drenched in tears,  
Till soothing sleep had smothered all her fears.  
The morn broke forth with gusty wind and rain,  
With rattling din it smote the window pane:  
The chimney roared and trees bent with the blast,  
Streams lipped their banks and darkly hurried past.  
Martha awoke, yet heeded not the day,  
Nor place, nor time, she only knew she lay,  
Not tired or hungry, only faint and chill,



Her mother, mid-day found her lying still.  
She heeded not her mother's kind desire,  
The beverage hot, and comfort near the fire;  
Though urged and pressed her heart within said "No,  
No balm on earth can cure this wasting woe."  
The doctor came, she heeded not his care,  
She only wished the good man were not there;  
At evening's close her father by her stood,  
The first who tempted her to taste of food.  
He had been kind, could she refuse him now,  
Tears in his eyes and sorrow on his brow;  
No, she would strive, though hard, yet she would strive,  
To take the heart loathed food and keep alive;  
A few small crumbs she took and then gave o'er,  
Her father saw that she could take no more;  
He looked away, his heart with anguish throbbed,  
He could not speak, he only sighed, and sobbed.  
Long had he viewed her all his joy and pride,  
And hoped to make her soon a dowered bride;  
He could not look upon her calmly there,  
She somehow looked as more than mortal fair.  
A heavenly thing but clad in earth's disguise,  
Was weary here and wished to reach the skies;  
How apt the heart to seek a pleasing cause,  
For breach of conduct or of nature's laws;  
Excuse, forgive, say "council came to late,"  
Blame temper, treachery, or an adverse fate.  
Alas! alas! how often we are wrong,  
Sense steps aside when passions drive along;  
Yet after all, 'tis mercy that we show,



In kindly feeling for another's woe.

Months rolled away, but Martha did not mend,  
Nor skill of doctor, no ! nor prayer of friend,  
Could ward off death, and her fair body save  
From slowly sinking to untimely grave.  
A day came round of virgin tempered spring,  
The birds sang sweet at earth's thanks-offering ;  
For flowers in clusters left their darksome bed,  
Those dear love tokens of the sainted dead !  
And Martha lay and watched the setting sun,  
And thought like it her course was nearly run,  
A weak'ning tremor shoots across her brain,  
She swooned away, then quick revived again ;  
She calls for aid, her mother by her stands,  
And wets her lips, and warms her chilly hands ;  
"Mother," she said, "is father not at home,  
Tell him I'm dying, bid him quickly come."  
Her father soon was bending o'er her bed,  
Striving with care to pillow up her head ;  
His was no task, or but the task of love,  
He guessed from her what angels are above.  
She looks awhile like one who doubts to give,  
But then remembers she has short to live,  
Yet deemed her task too much, for she was weak,  
But dared the worst, and so resolved to speak.  
"Father," she said, "my life draws near its close,  
And I must bid farewell to friends and foes—  
You start—but foes I had, at least a foe,  
He is my death and your untimely woe ;

A christian too, because he wears a gown,  
Much is he loved and rising in renown,  
Cunning he was, he came to teach me art,  
Subtle indeed ! he robbed me of my heart ;  
Not like a lion pouncing on its prey,  
His fatal power lay in his quiet delay ;  
He was so kind he laughed me out of fear,  
I ne'er was happy then till he was near.  
And he was almost daily by my side,  
Praising my form and calling me his bride ;  
He mocked his vows, and said he was a fool  
Who ever tied himself to monkish rule.  
Believe, I've searched the Bible, if you search  
You will not find laws of the Romish church ;  
Yes, I despise them ! he would proudly cry,  
In freedom let me live, in freedom die.  
But when he won my troth, my hand, my heart,  
He soon turned cold and played the wanton's part ;  
Thrice on the road he heedless passed me bye,  
I spoke to him, he did not deign reply ;  
Once did he push me headlong from his door,  
And bade me go, and ne'er return more !"  
Her father gazed in horror and dismay,  
He grasped her hand, and cried " Stay, dearest, stay !  
Break not my heart, I must live after thee,  
Thy staunch avenger, name but the decree ?  
I love the task, and like a sure sleugh-hound  
I'll track his steps, and make his name resound  
Across the land from farthest west to east,  
A sordid, selfish, Satan-serving priest.

Oh that I now could grasp the coward thief !  
His cries were vain, his span of life were brief."  
The mother, rising, seized the uplifted hand,  
"Father," she said, "that is not God's command,  
That we should take what he alone can give ;  
Surely a sinner may repent and live.  
Oh, hard our lot, and sore is my distress,  
But Heaven alone can best our ills redress."  
"Dear wife of mine, no doubt your faith is great,  
But those serve Heaven who execute its hate ;  
Say ! shall we calmly see the harmless killed,  
And moping sit and cry that Heaven has willed ?  
No ! no ! such deeds are but the devil's work !  
And black as hell, denounced by State and Kirk !"  
Poor Martha starts, they both attend, and low  
They watch her sinking, gradually and slow ;  
She spoke, the words her father could not hear,  
He closer drew, she whispered in his ear.  
"Will you perform for me my last command ?"  
"I will—behold, I raise to Heaven my hand."  
"Then in my desk there lies a letter sealed,  
In it you'll find all that I crave revealed—  
Hush—hark ! the angels steal away my breath :  
Oh, do not weep, I dearly welcome death !  
Father, to night they'll celebrate my birth  
In Heaven, dear father, as you did on earth.  
Be kind to Hector. Mother, Jesus cries ;  
Father, farewell !" she said, and closed her eyes.

That night her father, mindful of his task,

Anxious to learn, too, what she might ask,  
The letter opened, and thereon was wrote  
What sort of tomb she wished, the place and spot.  
“Place me,” it ran, “in coffin made of stone,  
Nor tree plant near, nor earth be laid thereon,  
And let the distance be about a perch  
Before the middle entrance of the church,  
So that false Beaton, passing out and in,  
May see the relic of his pride and sin.”

He saw it not, already he had fled ;  
Another priest read service o’er the dead ;  
And those who sought him, sought him all in vain,  
He ne’er was seen by living man again.

Long, long the church was wrapt in silent gloom,  
The door built up that faced the Maiden’s Tomb ;  
The tomb lies open, empty, broken, marred,  
In ancient Tullibody’s quiet graveyard.




# PE—R—E'S GANG and OTHERS.

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## A SATIRE.

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YE master bards of satire, hear my prayer,  
Oh ! come, dear shades, and guard my humble chair ;  
Inspire my muse to fire each virgin page,  
And lash some venal follies of the age.—  
Great Pe—r—e's dead and left his pawnshop gloom,  
His memory stinks, and withers in the tomb ;  
Vast were his parts—a very king he strode  
O'er forty swindlers ever on the road ;  
At every racecourse, market, tryst, or fair,  
The devil, well pleased, viewed their labours there.  
In some retreat a hard-faced scoundrel sits,  
His wily neighbour deftly round him flits  
Disguised as farmer, clergyman, or clown,  
And points an easy way to win a crown.  
“ You will not play,” he says ; “ why, look, you see,  
A sovereign, sir, that I disclose the pea.”  
He plays, and wins the often tendered fee.



The rustic now is whetted for the play,  
The knowing gambler turns his head away ;  
His comrade lifts the thimble, just to show  
The pea ; then lays it quietly down, and so  
The rustic plays, and puts his money down,  
But finds the pea is off, with his half-crown.  
Anon, another, at the three card trick,  
His greedy fingers make the money click ;  
This catches someone, thoughtless passing by,  
First by the ear, and afterwards the eye :  
He plays, he loses, kicks the stand to smash,  
And bids the sharper quick return his cash.  
He might as well have sought a fairy bride,  
Or thought his lips could whistle up the tide :  
The fellow's off, and buried in the crowd,  
In vain "Stop, stop the thief !" is cried aloud.  
Again, the garter's false, deceitful loop  
Is wound and drawn to tempt the artless dupe,  
By dotard, old indeed at thirty-five ;  
But yet the blackguard must by cheating thrive.  
His wasted frame, and palsied hand and tongue  
Still draw the simple, and deceive the young ;  
And so in stealth he crawls along the road,  
Safe in his slime as slug, or snake, or toad.  
Such knaves as these were plentiful and rife  
Ere ten short years had measured out my life ;  
But sterner laws, or laws more sternly dealt,  
Have put them down, or made them scarcely felt.  
So let them rest, I would not be uncivil,  
But wish them well with their dear friend, the devil.

History, 'tis said, "its very self repeats ;"  
And so, to-day, another set of cheats  
Are busy working, hand, and tooth, and nail,  
To show the devil's ways must still prevail ;  
*Ignis fatuus*, mirage, what you will :  
To test the landsman, or the mariner's skill.

Some time ago I said great Pe—r—e's dead,  
Behold, a mightier far reigns in his stead !  
Not in the highways, no, nor places strange,  
But in the middle of the great Exchange :  
For pedigree—His sire, a shirtless tramp,  
Grew rich, and blossomed an adulterous scamp ;  
Our hero might resemble, say, Hugh Miller ;  
Hugh strove for fame, but Jemadar for siller.  
O, mighty sage of Cromarty, forgive !  
To slight thy name I were not fit to live ;  
I mean no harm, declare it fame or fate,  
That I should place thee by so black a mate.  
Solve this who may, a common fact, and plain—  
We vend the Bible, while we sell Tom Paine.

Well, to proceed : our hero's first exploit  
To cheat his family, so they turn him out.  
His father shook his head, and truly said,  
"Why, sir, you beat me with new tricks in trade,  
The town's the place to give your genius scope,  
There kill by law, and dare the hangman's rope."  
But Jemadar found older rogues were there,  
Returned shipwreckd, the picture of despair ;

His father's pitying eye beheld his pain,  
And with five thousand set him up again.  
From that day forth he flourished, till he grew  
The mighty robber of a mighty crew ;  
He stuck to all his greedy hands could get,  
And all was fish that came into his net.  
A dowered widow—oh, that scorched his eyes !  
Her mighty holdings must become his prize :  
Tradesmen, lawyers, ministers, the press,  
He strives to bribe, and bid them plead his case.  
An injured workman sues him at the law :  
The poor man's case will soon contain a flaw ;  
He lets the opposing council feel 'tis far  
Better to be at peace with him than war.


Town life grows stale ; he turns traveller now,  
And dreams of bays to grace his vacant brow ;  
So off he goes, and plods the hackneyed way,  
Straight prints a book, and says his little say.  
Oh, shades of Bruce, Speke, Livingstone, and Park !  
Is this thy fellow too ? “ God save the mark ! ”

Hearken, ye knaves who have by stealth grown rich,  
Whose hearts beat badly, while your temples itch :  
Here is an easy way to storm the town—  
Here is an easy way to win renown :  
Dower thy daughter with her weight in gold,  
Trumpet her fortune, say she must be sold :  
Instruct thy lackeys to proclaim the fact ;  
Keep thou aloof, and know not—that is tact.



Have wondrous patience, spider-like, but wait,  
And some poor titled fool will seize the bait ;  
If he be old, and she wayward and young,  
A month will set at rest Dame Gossip's tongue ;  
While Jenny shines my lady at the board,  
And you're addressed "dear father" by my lord.  
What though his pedigree has run to seed,  
Or drifted backward to its parent weed ;  
Get skill from France, and no expenses spare,  
Then mark the progress of the coming heir ;  
But should a female issue long prevail,  
Then find out ways to propagate the male.  
Keep herds of menials, blooming in their teens—  
With you the end will justify the means.  
A worldly saw, and Jesuits' recipe  
For love, and war, will brook no other plea ;  
Call forth thy myrmidons, let them advise,  
You only wink, assenting with surprise.


Sedate and kind, trimmed with a polished gloss,  
Deliberate, cunning, never rude or cross ;  
A cut-throat is a coarse, immoral brute,  
And nothing better he that dares to shoot.  
But gentle Sotha had the mystic art  
To shoot a man, or stab him to the heart,  
While people looked, and stared in blank surprise,  
Nor could they understand their ears or eyes.  
It was not catalogued in Nero's sport,  
It pales a Maskelyne or Davenport,  
And done as easy's Jabblocoff could show



Electric candles burning in a row.  
The trick, when known, will cease to make you stare,  
But do not imitate—Beware ! beware !  
Jemadar, sir, would need to see you first,  
Bungled : you might be hung, or, living, cursed.  
Well, look around, until you find a man  
Clever, but poor, and struggling with a plan  
To gain a fortune from the land, or sea,  
But short of capital ; so you agree  
To help ; then fix him fast with credit's rope,  
And should he grumble, fire his heart with hope.  
Get goods from all and sundry, where you will ;  
The more the better—there comes in your skill ;  
Work by commission, promises, or bill.  
Renew all round, pay part, and still renew ;  
Then serve it piping, that's Jemadar's stew.  
Your friend looks stupid, wonders, gapes, and stares,  
“What does it mean ? You take me unawares.”  
Bid him give creditors so much per pound :  
He cannot, so you make a small compound.  
Now turn him out, and say, “This way for rogues :  
Begone, sir ! to the poor-house or the dogs.”  
The wretched man (but never mind this part,  
It only touches those who have a heart)  
Goes home, and sees his children round his wife,  
Sporting and playing, full of fun and life ;  
His heart grows sick, but I shall draw the veil—  
The rest a coroner's or fiscal's tale.

O, Bailie Nicol Jarvie, where art thou ?

Pink of propriety, with sober brow !  
No more thy cautious counsels guide the age ;  
Bailies in mansions now are all the rage ;  
Thy shade may shudder, and thine eyes may stare,  
And loud " My conscience !" rend the spirit air ;  
With out-goings, on-goings, goings up and down,  
There's one continual rampage in the town ;  
Brothers with brothers quarrel and disagree,  
And read the law as ready's A.B.C.  
With you it was the Bible and the Psalms  
That ruled thy business, down to giving alms,  
While honest cloth was sold by everybody,  
But now-a-days there's little else than shoddy.  
Some worldly knaves declare they make a loss  
Because King William's statue's at the Cross :  
" A Christian king," say they, " in such a place,  
A standing humbug, nay, a great disgrace !  
It stints our profits, as you may suppose,  
To see him staring by his monstrous nose."  
Oh, Bailie ! Bailie ! is it given to thee  
To scan the vista of futurity ?  
Whither does all this pomp and glory tend ?  
This constant struggle for a selfish end ?  
Where men forsake their country for their home :  
Is Glasgow doomed to fade and rot like Rome ?  
And her fine buildings come to—come to what !  
To house a weasel and protect a bat ?  
Nay, lastly sepulchred by worm and mole,  
All hid from sight as distant ages roll.  
'Twere woeful tale, and poor if just reward,



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For all her boasted "Preaching of the Word."

The learned Guru taught how deeds were done—  
A prophet, Pope, and high priest rolled in one ;  
And if lost souls inherit flesh again,  
Upon his brow behold the mark of Cain !  
Willing to cruise in crime from year to year,  
Like Chinese pirate, or a buccaneer ;  
A bold adventurer on unknown seas,  
The greater storm, the greater still his ease ;  
The rending earthquake, or the wild typhoon,  
The blazing lightning, or the fierce monsoon,  
Are joys to him, he meets them with high glee,  
His whole soul roused to madd'ning ecstasy.  
Not that he hopes to bear the vessel through,  
Save all the cargo, and protect the crew ;  
Alas ! oh, no ! that would not pay his toil—  
Wreckage he seeks, and plunder rank and vile.  
The fairest maid that e'er was washed ashore,  
Though calm in death, he'd kick her o'er and o'er,  
Rifle her clothes, and ere he left the spot,  
In hellish dread, yet smiling, cut her throat.

From Glasgow Cross to twenty miles around  
Old M—l—b—r is somewhere to be found,  
The school-boy's hero, and the poor man's god ;  
See ! gaping crowds besiege him on the road.  
The sword and plate are made to whirl and spin,  
And dance and wheel upon his steady chin ;  
He throws the big potato skyward now,

That coming down, is split upon his brow.  
The balls are up—one of his famous tricks ;  
Mark how they move—now in a ring, now mix,  
Now up they spin, and now descending low,  
Then drop out one by one, so ends the show.  
I thank thee, veteran juggler, for thy pains,  
Now for another juggler and his gains.

Our Guru, too, has got a splendid eye  
For juggling bills, not balls, and makes them fly ;  
“The number's nothing,” hear him proudly shout ;  
“Just pass them in, and I will pass them out.”  
Bills at a month, he spins them out to three—  
“No fears of noting, leave all that to me ;”  
A three month's bill, he'll run it for a year,  
And shelf it then, and bid you have no fear :  
Oh ! lying juggler, lying to be paid !  
As you once built, some twenty years a-head,  
Where did all end ?—in bankruptcy and shame ;  
And where will this ?—why, it will end the same.  
What though Jemadar's name is at thy back  
To smooth thy journey through each dirty track ;  
Jemadar, ay ! and all who lose the sight  
Of Heaven's high mandate, must pass into night.

Now we arrive at Guru's monster scheme,  
The wondrous project of a wondrous dream.  
Well, down he places some adventurous men,  
Paints them as angels, say with thousands ten  
(This by the way) ; he needs not notes or gold,

Why, bank deposits are the things of old ;  
Just you remember this, no less I've said it,  
The whole affair is done, ay ! done on credit.  
Suppose he wants to start a paper mill,  
A foundry, factory, whatsoe'er you will,  
He goes to Jemadar, and points the way  
How all will pass into his hands some day ;  
Jemadar sees, and lends his mighty name,  
And sends a lackey in to work the game.  
Credit then flows in one continuous stream,  
Sales rise on sales, and profits swell like steam,  
And Guru soon is feted like a king,  
While tighter still he racks up credit's string.  
Jemadar's pleased, as Pe—r—e was of old,  
For well he knows how fools are bought and sold.  
"Fools ! fools !" cried Pe—r—e, with a knowing leer,  
"There's one for me in each day of the year."  
But Guru got his complement at once :  
Three hundred and sixty-five, dunce on dunce.  
You see I reckon Sabbath days in too—  
These were the days he tasted of his brew.  
And so at last came down with awful crash  
That mighty firm, and how ?—for want of cash ;  
The country stared, and creditors looked blue,  
Thought it a lie, yet lived to find it true,  
But ne'er could see where all the profit went,  
Although the trustee gave them five per cent.  
Now from its ashes, Phoenix-like, sprung up  
Another firm, much fuller far of hope,  
A modern Hybrid, termed "a L—— L—— Coy.,"

Securely guarded, down from head to toe.  
Jemadar watched that all things were made square,  
And ruled the learned Guru fill the chair,  
For which he praised the devil, not the Lord.  
A salaried sinecure upon the board.

And now we come to Bhuttote the mild,  
Soft as a dove, and clinging as a child ;  
You see his mother's milk upon his chin,  
And know a sponging nature lies within ;  
A thing that sucks, but knows not when to spare ;  
As dull and hungry as a Polar bear.  
Let Guru merely rise, and point a way,  
'Tis not for him to question, but obey :  
To lie, to cheat, to steal, and never loath  
To break a written deed, or solemn oath ;  
And should his conscience, seared although it be,  
Set up within his breast an honest plea,  
He seeks at once the dead'ning alcohol  
To numb the finer feelings of his soul.  
Then reigns a darkness, darker than the night,  
The grave of love, and truth, and holy light.  
Too mean to starve, too proud for honest work,  
Blooming in debt, and death—a very Turk.  
Others may die, while suffering bankrupt ill,  
He is a parasite, that never kills ;  
A fungus foul, that stinks, and sucks at ease,  
Whose very looks disseminate disease ;  
The one bad brute that cankers all the rest  
With smut of hell—a damning rinderpest !

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Where are his kind, but in the lowest slums ?  
Then let him mingle with his proper chums ;  
Bullies and blackguards, heroes but with wh——s,  
Shunning the light, and skulking within doors.  
There let such live, and while there living, rot,  
By every honest man forgot, forgot !

And now Jemadar and advent'rous crew  
Must have their lawyers, and accountants too ;  
And lawyers whose sole business is to teach  
How best to make, and then to mend, a breach ;  
With some new reading ripe for each new act,  
To keep their moneyed client's case intact.  
And their accountants can with ready pen  
Prove something more than five and five make ten ;  
Their power to fleece, and daring skill to rob,  
Unless a sheriff's called to stop the job.

Come, Holy Light. and fill my inmost mind !  
Truly, these are the meanest of mankind ;  
Lift ! lift my soul out of their slimy ways !  
Why should such sin and filth pollute our days ?  
Be ever near me wheresoe'er I'm driven !  
Thou Holy Comforter, dear gift of Heaven ?

Scotland, my country, land of heroes bold !  
Great was thy glory in the days of old :  
Wallace, Bruce, and Knox—O heaven-born three !  
Sons of light, and love, and sweet liberty !  
Other souls are fired, kindled other flames,



At the glorious splendour of their names :  
A Chalmers rises, and a great M'Leod,  
And then a Guthrie comes to save the crowd ;  
Now gentle Br—d—e dares with worthy aim  
To stoop and lift poor struggling worth to fame,  
While queenly Cl—s—n watches o'er the poor,  
And C—a—s and B—x—er make their gifts secure.  
Long life to all such patrons, pure in mind !  
Blessed by their God, and honoured by mankind !



# Mary Dhu, the Flower of Glengoil.

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## A BALLAD.

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### PART I.

On ! rise, guidman ; rise, rise guidman !  
And read this fearfu' dream,  
I think I see the fire-flaughts yet,  
And hear the eagle's scream.

This morn I heard the muir-cock crow,  
Syne dovered ower to sleep,  
And dreamt I saw ye leave the hoose  
To wear in a' the sheep.

The sunbeams through the window shone,  
And lichted on the flair ;  
Wi' very joy my gladsome heart  
Was moved to silent prayer.

And stappin' to the door, I heard  
A blackbird in the glen,  
And spied a dun tod, cannily  
Mak' for the hazel den.

I then let out our wee pet lamb,  
And as it touched my dress,  
The hens set up an uncouth cry—  
A cry o' great distress.

And then I felt a flaf o' wind,  
It smote me on the face ;  
Syne turning, saw the lamb mak' aff,  
An eagle giving chase.

Wi' cruel claws it made a claucht,  
And seized our bonny pet  
Clean aff its feet, ere I had time  
To steek the buchtin yett.

I ran wi' a' the strength I had,  
And cried wi' a' my micht ;  
Till fairly done, and out o' breath,  
I reached the farmost heicht.

Alas ! alas ! what met my sicht ?  
The far glen in a lowe,  
And ae wide sheet o' milk-white flame  
Filled a' the fiery howe.

Unmoved, the demon bird flew on,  
Amidst the scorching heat ;  
I saw the wee lamb writhe in pain—  
I heard it moaning bleat.

Het tears, I thocht, then filled my een,  
Nor could I move wi' fricht :  
But when I gathered wits again,  
Guidman, oh ! what a sicht !

The horrid bird had settled doon,  
Upon a blazin' cairn,  
While in its claws the wee lamb took,  
The image o' our bairn !

Loud rose the eagle's eldrish screech,  
And seethed the merc'less flame,  
As Mary cried, wi' outstretched arms,  
" Oh, mither, tak' me hame."

Into the burning gulf I sprang,  
But quickly, gasping, fell ;  
And round me lay in tangled knots,  
The loathsome fiends of hell.

I dashed aff taids and hissing snakes,  
And corpse-fed cank'rous worms,  
As up I sprang, and strove to clutch  
My dochter in my arms.

But twa great corbies croakin' cam',  
And seized me by the hair,  
And tied me to a burning stâke,  
And left me standin' there.

I saw my dochter's pitying face,  
Her saft hand touched my cheek ;  
Again I ettled to her aid,  
But couldna move or speak.

The butcher bird wi' outstretched wings  
Begun to screech afresh ;  
Then, swift as thought, his cruel beak  
Was buried in my flesh.

Wi' nerveless hands I strove in vain  
To guard the smitten part ;  
When, och ! it made a horrid gash !  
And through it trailed my heart.

I thocht my bluid ran on the ground,  
Then passed awa' in steam—  
Wi' that I wakened, drenched in sweat,  
And found a' was a dream.

But sic a dream ! I fear, I fear,  
Ere this day's sun be set,  
Some dreadfu' dool shall happen us,  
Or Mary Dhu, our pet.

Oh ! dinna, dinna say, guidman,  
There's nae truth in a dream !  
A dream's the unspun wab o' life,  
On Time's revolving beam,

But we'll aff to the minister,  
Though ten miles to the kirk :  
And Mary, lass, ye'll keep the hoose,  
We'll hame be, lang ere mirk.

## PART II.

At noon, the laverock sung a sang  
Up in the lift sae blue ;  
But a' its piping couldna cheer  
The heart o' Mary Dhu.

Her thochts were on her mither's dream,  
And what it a' could mean ;  
And eke upon the frichtsomen tryst,  
She hiddlins held yestreen.

She took the Bible frae the neuk,  
And read of Abel's death,  
And wondered if her mither's dream  
Could bode her ony scaith.

Thrice gaed she then to ope the door,  
And thrice she turned awa,  
And every time her rosy cheek,  
Became as white's the snaw.

She placed her fingers on her breast,  
And pu'd a silken string,  
When out there leapt into her hand  
A lovely jewelled ring.

Beneath a diamond star of hope,  
With hair of gold and jet,  
A curious monogram was wrought,  
And beautifully set.

She put it on her finger fair,  
And kissed it o'er and o'er,  
And as she kissed it, Mary heard  
A rapping at the door.

And looking out she saw descend  
Twa fearsome ugly hawks ;  
While a' the hens wi' outstretched wings,  
Were fleein' for the bauks.

Wi' that a sudden gust o' win'  
Cam' sighin' doon the lum,  
And slowly moaning, died awa',  
In eerie, dreary hum.

The blood that gushed to Mary's heart,  
Conveyed a sickening chill ;  
She marvelled if the visitor  
Would wish her good or ill.

Back went the door with violent bang,  
And there to her distress  
Her youthful lover stepped ben,  
In warlike Highland dress.

A siller brooch adorned his plaid,  
A jewelled dirk his hose ;  
His hair the golden setting sun—  
His cheeks the blushing rose.

But on his brow sat sullen gloom,  
And in his eye was hate,  
He tried to smile, but couldna hide  
The mischief in his gait.

“Good morning,” Mary trembling said,  
“Good morning, dear,” said he,  
“And hast thou schooled thy simple mind  
To think no more of me?”



The slender linnet sees the gled,  
And seeks the shelt'ring thorn ;  
The tod, and maukin cowerin' flee  
Before the hunter's horn :

And Mary's breast was filled with dread,  
But not with abject fear :  
She lacked the lion's heart, but had  
The courage of the deer.

And so she stood with head erect,  
Like gentle hind at bay ;  
And mildly looked into his face,  
Yet firmly answered " Nay."

" Come ! come ! I will not bandy words !  
For time is on the wing,  
So pray, make up thy mind at once !  
And give me back the ring.

The glory of my father's house  
Must never tarnished be ;  
For all its honour would be lost,  
Were I to wed with thee."

" When Cumberland of bloody deed,  
Had brought thy house to wreck ;  
Who was it forfeited his life  
To save thy grandsire's neck ?

My grandsire, sir ! and in my soul  
Still burns the patriot flame,  
That lets me see what's worse than death !  
A vile ignoble name !

I keep the ring, I keep my vow,  
A virgin's plighted love,  
The one a record here below,  
The other's sealed above.

Dost thou forget thy plighted troth ?  
The consecrated hour  
We held ; when you gave me the ring  
In yonder sacred bower ? ”

“ Hush ! see afar, that gath'ring cloud  
With black and threat'ning form ;  
It needs no wizard eye to tell,  
There soon shall be a storm.

And just as sure ! as you refuse  
My mind's wish to espouse,  
Thyself shall be the victim next  
To save my father's house.

A titled, and a wealthy bride  
Has blest me with her charms ;  
And all impatient waits the hour,  
To take me in her arms.”

“Then leave this house, I pray you sir !  
What may you want with me?  
The ring, thou fool ! for none must know  
I was betrothed to thee.

Never ! that is my answer sir,  
Until my latest breath,  
The ring and I shall never part,  
Unless it be in death ! ”

“So let it be ! if needs it must,  
That I should come to blows—  
Repent thee—no—then see I draw,  
This sure dirk from my hose.”

Fierce light'ning shone with dazzling flash,  
As flashed the cruel steel ;  
While thunder caught the dying cry,  
In loud earth-shiv'ring peal !

Ere Heaven's most awful voice was hushed,  
The frightened murderer fled,  
Forgetful of the ring that graced  
The finger of the dead.

The storm with unabated force  
Pursued the guilty knave ;  
Nor ceased, until in deep Lochgoil  
He found a watery grave.

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Her parents mourned a daughter's death,  
But not a daughter's shame ;  
And many a tempted maid has blest  
The charm of Mary's name.

And long may every Highland maid,  
Admire the good, and true !  
And know that Heaven's dear saints are such,  
As lovely Mary Dhu.



# ANDREW FAIRWAY.

Ae Saturday o' Glasgow Fair,  
I dandered out to tak' the air  
At four o'clock—it micht be mair—  
    And eastwardly I sauntered  
Until I landed on the Green,  
When, lo! the first to meet my een,  
The drollest wicht that e'er was seen,  
    And loud he preached and bantered.

I wat he stood—ay, sax-feet-sax,  
His hide was sunbrunt dark as wax,  
His loof was like my faither's axe,  
    His een shot fire like pouter.  
His stockings, rig-and-fir were made,  
He wore a shepherd's tartan plaid,  
And Scottish bonnet on his head  
    That dunted on his shouter.

He rapped his mull, then keeked in,  
Syne took a dose out on a spin;  
But, losh, 'twas lifted by the win'!  
    And trow it made some folk stir!

He geid his nose a sideward birse,  
At second pinch he graned "Hech, sirs!"  
His staff the while a rung o' furze—  
He held it in his oxter.

"Weel, freens," he said, "now for my crack,  
And mind nae lees—a's doonricht fac'  
I'll speak about; so stand weel back,  
And keep the best o' order.  
I am a shepherd frae the sooth,  
Where I was born, and spent my youth  
In weaving toon wi' name uncouth,  
And close upon the border.

I hate a' double-dealing ways,  
My words are hamely—like my claes;  
So dinna gape for dauds o' praise  
Frae gurly Andrew Fairway.  
I wander under sun and moon,  
Just takin' stock o' things aroon;  
There's some that ca' me cracked loon—  
I speak the truth and spare na'.

I tauld the shirra, plump-and-plain,  
His law was but a grinding stane,  
That skrunted puir folk to the bane,  
And only scuffed the gentry.  
Rome's clash o' fuddled fules and knaves,  
Is only fit for lords and slaves;

The rich it gluts, the puir depraves,  
At every turn and entry.

A Hieland laird may rax wi' rent,  
The sons o' sires wha's lives were spent  
In fechtin' for the family tent,  
Here, or at foreign stations.  
The game rins on till folks, surprised,  
Behold his victims pauperised !  
While he pleads they be subsidized  
Wi' needfu claes and rations.

Should ony wi' his lairdship thraw,  
He sends the minions o' the law  
To hound them out o' house and ha',  
In bitter winter weather.  
And gin a neebor mak' sae bauld  
As shelter them frae weet or cauld ;  
It maunna be, or he is tauld  
They'll trudge it a' thegither.

When honest worth has fecht'en lang  
To keep its feet amang the thrang,  
It's hard to get a loundering bang,  
That whummels you a beggar.  
The thochtless crowd pass heedless by,  
Ane's best acquaintance heaves a sigh,  
While purse-proud gentry cry, 'O, fie !'  
And flee as frae a tiger.

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Has nae kind saul the heart and power  
To saften poortith's eerie glower?  
And spare us spending life's last hour—  
    Och me!—within a warkhouse?  
Our titled folks a' this prevent  
By special Act o' Parliament;  
For deil the ane o' them are sent  
    To pree life in yon dark house.

And here's another thing that's queer:  
We pay a man no Peter's peer;  
Say what? A thousand pounds a-year  
    For preaching—he did gratis.  
While such as I, if auld or sick,  
May get some aughteen pence a week.  
Oh, Knox! had I thy power to speak,  
    I'd tell them wha's the faut is.

If rowdies fecht and kiss the rod,  
Need emperors fecht, and thank their God  
That tens o' thousands bit the sod?—  
    It made a grand engagement!  
Nay! train their bairns to slaughter men,  
And no content wi' five or ten;  
There's only fame and pleasure when  
    They snig them by the regiment.

Ae day I ca'd up at the manse,  
But found the guidman aff to France,



Though brawly I saw at a glance,  
He lived upon the best o't.  
Thinks I, weel times are altered noo,  
Since auld Elisha held the ploo,  
And Peter's weather-beaten broo  
Spak' sair wark and the rest o't.

Our followers o' the Prince o' Peace,  
In May maun flock like Solan geese,  
And gabble glib—as him o' Greece—  
On orthodox salvation.  
Regardless though puir hungry flocks  
Are bleating on wild barren rocks.  
Or witless filling Satan's stocks.  
In spite of each oration.

'Midst sinfu' pestilence and death,  
A dreaded factor fears nae scaith :  
He bloated thrives upon them baith,  
As fu'er grows his casket.  
How rare the priest and landlord comes  
Among disease-creating slums ;  
They ken they needna fash their thumbs,  
(O'erflowing is their basket.

As for mysel', I'm no' that guid ;  
But was that what the Maister did ?  
Did He not ware His time and bluid  
To save the vile and needy ?

I hear ane crying ‘Fiddler’s news!’  
Fiddler’s! or piper’s if ye choose!  
If I be wrang, I’ll change my views,  
And that, my friend, richt speedy.

But tell me first—wha tends their lead?  
For wi’ the puir they mak’ nae speed;  
The rich, for fashion, nod the head,  
But lug alang wi’ Darwin.  
’Tis vulgar shepherds tend the puir  
They find sae dazed, sae cauld, sae bare,  
And mak’ them sober, guid, and fair,  
And thus through heaven’s bar win.

I met ye’r Provost in the toon,  
Quo’ I, ‘Guidman, jist look aroun’,  
And say how puir weans up and doun,  
A’ look sae white and shilpit?  
Could ye no mak’ them like yer ain—  
Robust, and snod, and straucht o’ lane?  
But, sir, I fear there’s mair care ta’en  
Wi’ yer dog’s pups when whelped.

In ten-feet bunks ye clap the puir;  
The mair the merrier!—wha’s to care?  
And pack and pile them, stair on stair,  
The honest and the venal.  
Then license men to tak’ their clink  
For stuff that mak’s them doited blink,

And should they quarrel in their drink,  
Ye mak' it strictly penal.

Awa' wi' poisonous barley bree !  
And scaddin' draps o' juttlin' tea !  
And tell yer folks where'er they be,  
To tak' Scotch kail and parritch.  
And gi'e them a' a but-an-ben,  
And when the bairns are grown to men  
They'll keep the auld commandments ten,  
And prize the Book and Carritch.' "

Wi' this he stopped, and took a snuff ;  
" I think," quo' he, " I've said enough,  
And if I ha'e been somewhat rough,  
Ye ken I'm only human.  
I trust we a' may mend our ways,  
And let me add, in shepherd's phrase,  
Health to each bairn ! and better days  
For every man and woman ! "



# The Wayside Flower.

BESIDE the common road I saw,  
Amongst the trodden grass ;  
A little flower, and somehow there,  
I could not thoughtless pass.  
No startling beauty met my eyes,  
Yet wond'ring much, I stood  
To think upon its matchless faith,  
And daring fortitude.

Its hue was of the purest gold,  
And free from cank'ring rust,  
Only its little opening bell  
Was coated with the dust.  
With willing breath I blew it off,  
It then looked fresh and neat ;  
And for my trouble paid me with  
A fragrance rich and sweet.


And so, the lowly son of toil  
With sweat and dust begrimed,  
May prove a dull exterior  
Oft hides a shining mind.

When nations in distress shall cry,  
For one to lead the van ;  
The Lord will drive all dust away,  
And point the proper man.

The culprit in his narrow cell,  
Acquaint with many a sin ;  
May have what those who shun him lack ;  
A warm heart within.  
And if there be one cord in tune,  
To harmonize the whole ;  
Who dare deny the right of heaven,  
To that benighted soul ?

Ah, little, smiling, tender flower,  
The world will still despise,  
The common things, the common men,  
That daily meet its eyes :  
For oh how seldom native worth !  
Is meted out its due ;  
But rather trodden under foot,  
As some have trodden you.

No matter ; toiling ones take heart,  
And be not passion's slave ;  
Nor ever sink the man, and turn  
A coward, or a knave :  
Think of the vast eternity !  
With all your deeds made known  
Before the Great Omnipotent,  
Who amply can atone.



# Reflections on Wallace, and the Wallace Monument.

WHAT heart beats warm at Alexander's name ?  
Or bleeds while tracing Cæsar's selfish aim ?  
Napoleon too, what fires his blood red star ?  
Eternal carnage, pillage, waste and war.  
Such heroes, first espouse a country's cause,  
And then aspire to give the world its laws ;  
Making earth's peaceful ones their fighting tools,  
Only to prove themselves the greater fools.

As strong in action, with intent more pure ;  
More safe in counsel, and with lance as sure ;  
Behold a Wallace when his country cries,  
Roused as a giant he the foremost hies ;  
Resolves to die, or free a fettered state,  
And looks the prowess of its strength and hate ;  
While slaves arising, burst their galling chains,  
And spurn the dread of death, and tears and pains.

Who but admires the deeds of one so brave ?  
Who quelled the tyrant, and inspired the slave :  
And died a martyr with unflinching zeal

Unbought by bribery, and unawed by steel.  
Need any wonder, that his cherished name,  
Can fire the Nation still to deeds of fame :  
To raise for him a monumental pile,  
That scans the Lothians west to Aberfoyle.

The stranger now may view while passing by,  
Its huge proportions with a wondering eye ;  
And gaze enraptured in the morning clear,  
Till its distinctness makes him start with fear.  
And conscience-stirred, confess a hidden power,  
’Twould nerve the soul in freedom’s threatened hour.  
More rousing still if it should meet his gaze  
Full in the glorious sun’s meridian blaze :  
A giant on the mountains in whose hand  
The lofty oak would seem a feeble brand ;  
His steps were thunder, that would shake the ground,  
Inspiring awe, and fear, in all around.  
But see it when the storm is roaring loud,  
As half obscure it stands within the cloud ;  
When all around is moving with the blast,  
The shore is roaring, and high trees o’er cast ;  
It seems to lift its head, not to defy,  
But drink an inspiration from the sky.

Oh, glorious Temple, gift of every land  
Where hardy Scotchmen win with willing hand  
Both wealth, and fame ; and yet no spot on earth  
They hold so dear as that which gave them birth ;  
Not all the wealth within Australian shores,

Nor all the glory faded Rome deplores ;  
Nay ! nor the luxuries of the sunny south,  
With glowing landscapes of perpetual growth ;  
No ! not for these would Scotchmen ere forego  
Their own dear mountains with their helms of snow ;  
The moors, and forests, with their darksome dells ;  
The sparkling rivers, and the heathy fells,  
The blooming hawthorn with a linnet's brood ;  
The early primrose in the haunted wood ;  
The bluebell wayside, and the gownie lea  
Unbounded sources of their joy and glee ;  
No wonder then, wherever Scotchmen roam  
They hope to die in peace and quiet at home,  
For well they know, while slumbering in the grave,  
Their mouldering ashes mingle with the brave.





## My Laddie.

COME sit doon, auld kimmer, and tell your O'es tale,  
How he fared on the wreck in the cauld nor'lan' gale ;  
I dote on your words, though I shudder wi' fear,  
For the thocht o' him leevin' it drives back a tear,  
Were my ain bairn as safe, though hungry and bare,  
I'd clead him fu' bienly, and nurse him wi' care—  
My laddie, my laddie, wherever he be,  
Aft, aft he maun think on his faither and me.

Nae mair the lang days blythe and cheerily flit,  
I'm wearied wi' workin' and tired gin I sit,  
His stockin's half knit there, lie by on the sill,  
I neither tae mak' nor tae mend hae the will.  
My fingers grow stiff and my eyes turn dim,  
For a' thing I touch has a memory o' him ;  
And aye at the gloamin' I weary tae see—  
My laddie, the pride o' his faither and me.

It's late aye at nicht ere to bed I repair,  
My heart gies a loup should a fit tak' oor stair ;  
I rin to the door, but my errand is vain,  
And slowly I turn to the fireside again.

The lamp flickers dim, and the ingle fa's low,  
Ere dowie I creep to my pillow of woe,  
To pray for my laddie, far, far ower the sea,  
The comfort and stay o' his faither and me.

On Mondays, nae langer I see him gae wa',  
Wi' shoon black as jet, and claes white as snaw ;  
The lads doon the loan when they come aboot,  
Their lood screechin' pipes, canna whistle him oot :  
The fun, and the frolic, has fled frae oor door,  
And what pleased me ance, only mak's my heart sore ;  
Oh, could we but see him in midst o' their glee !  
What joy 'twould gie to his faither and me.

Yet, what mak's the neebors aye whisper and crack,  
Hoo can they be certain he'll never come back ;  
Although ither ships sailed awa' and came hame,  
And ne'er a ane saw his or heard o' her name ;  
May the crew no be safe on some far distant shore ?  
The like o't we've a' heard, or read o' before :  
And aiblins ere this, he is happy and free,  
Returning a' safe to his faither and me.

But kimmer ! auld kimmer ! still, still my heart's wae,  
For ken ye, the time is a towmond the day,  
Since the ship sailed awa' ower the ice-flooded sea,  
And I grat, but he saw na the tear in my e'e.  
Oh, why was he moved wi' ambition and pride ?  
Oh, what made him steer frae oor cosy fireside ?  
My laddie gude kens ! gin the waurst we maun dree,  
Sune abin, he shall meet his faither and me.

## On the Death of a Friend.

O, DEATH ! thou monster of rapacious maw !

Know thou hast robbed me of an honest friend,  
Whose mind with mine did fitly play and blend ;  
Whose deeds were praised, and if some bore a flaw,  
It was the o'erstraining of some virtuous law.

Had I been robbed of all that I possess !

Though small my fortune—yet, had I been robbed—  
Need I repined ? Nay ! while my bosom throbb'd ;  
Friends would have met immediate distress,  
And years have brought about abundance of redress.

Were I denounced a fiend of blackest dye—

A wretch unknown to all that's good and fair ;  
Might I not live that down ? and make men dare  
To scorn the slanderers, as if hue and cry  
Had branded them as traitors, robbers, or such fry.

But thou, O Death ! doth fell with withering blow ;

No mortal hand did e'er thy stroke arrest—  
Of all that's living soon to be possess'd.  
How thou must laugh at pride's great pomp and show,  
Laying, without respect, both king and common low.

I mourn a friend, ne'er proud, nor cold, nor stiff,  
A man above the giddy, whirling mass :  
No demagogue of any clique or class :  
Nor was he moved by this or that man's whiff,  
But braved all times and storms like some bold northern cliff.

Where shall I find his match in ready joke ?  
His pleasing banter, and his peerless wit ?  
Now glimmering faint as borealis flit :  
Anon to burst and blaze, a lightening stroke,  
That left us all convulsed in laughter by the shock.

His sayings rush upon my memory still ;  
I scarce can think him dead—just hid from view ;  
But oh ! the imagination is a cheating shrew.  
Yon once bright home far other thoughts instil,  
The cheerless, silent hearth, and chair he well could fill.

'Tis not adieu ! but hail, we can't delay ;  
Yea, to Death's banquet we must all repair---  
Some young, some old, some in their prime go there,  
As thou ; and when I tread that mystic way,  
Come smiling friend, and land me in eternal day.




## The Flirt.

INCONSTANT, faithless, fickle maid !  
Thou emblem of the changeful moon ;  
Poor fragile flower, how soon to fade,  
How easy got, and lost how soon.  
No doubt but some may think you clever,  
In bidding me farewell for ever.

Although my heart be charged with grief,  
And listless in my bosom lies :  
While reason tenders no relief,  
But tears reveal the smothered sighs.  
I crave no pity for my sorrow,  
I'll be a wiser one to-morrow.

Thy form so fair is black within,  
Thy heart a burning, living coal ;  
Coquetting oft with lust and sin,  
Which sears the feelings of the soul ;  
So deem me then not harsh and cruel,  
If these words drown the smouldering fuel.



---

I know you never can be mine,  
I would not now, although you would ;  
Thou'rt like an open cask of wine,  
That all may taste, and some say "Good,"  
Until entrapped, and dazed with drinking—  
You flee, and leave them all unthinking.

The wretch now floundering in your wiles,  
Caressed and kissed in mirth and glee ;  
His presence but creates my smiles,  
As others may have smiled at me ;  
You may be his—but mine, oh, never ;  
And so, farewell ! farewell for ever !

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## W a r !

War, war, horrible war !  
How my heart bleeds, as I think what you are ;  
Thousands of men hurried forth to be slain,  
Studding the hill-side, and filling the plain.  
Father of Mercy, oh ! teach us to see  
Battles and murders are punished by Thee.  
Men of the time,  
Think of the crime ;  
Need it be so in our century's chime ?

War, war, terrible war !  
Hate and destruction are yoked in thy car ;  
Sweeping in fatal, delirious haste,  
Laying a country in ruin and waste ;  
What tongue could tell all the ills you have wrought,  
Culling your victims from palace and cot ?  
Brisk yet thy trade,  
Deep dyed thy blade,  
Where then the boasted advancement we've made ?

War, war, mis'erable war !  
Loud are thy wailings, and heard near and far ;  
Parents lamenting the loss of their sons,  
Widows the lot of their fatherless ones ;  
See the poor wretch escaped from the strife,  
Shattered and ruined, or crippled for life ;  
Alas for the prize  
And honour that lies  
Drenched in a deluge of mis'ry and sighs.

War, war, hideous war !  
Game of the devils ! God's progress to bar ;  
Who dares to think he has Heaven on his side  
Moved by the lust of ambition and pride ;  
A voice from the dark, hoary annals of time  
Tells us aggression was ever a crime,  
Hell waits those who seek  
To plunder the weak,  
And Heaven alone for the honest and meek.



# Elegy

ON THE DEATH OF DR. J—— D——.

PHILANTHROPHIST, philosopher, and sage !

Thy ways were "Peace and love," and such thy motto ;  
My fondest wish you had attained old age,  
And lived thy useful life at L—d—'s grotto.

The widowed poor could ever look to thee,  
And orphans claimed thy close and kind attention ;  
Ay ! many such will mourn thy death with me,  
And view their future with grave apprehension.

The poor mechanic struggling for the light,  
The learned author wrapt in speculation,  
Were each received by thee with pure delight—  
Thou lov'dst the man, not wealth, nor power, nor station.

But woe to cunning cheat, or charlatan—  
Thy head fit crucible to test such metal ;  
Quick was thine eye the spurious ore to scan,  
And name and place for evermore to settle.

Our little town might well be proud of thee,  
Our men of science truly call thee "Father ;"  
In vain our eyes will look abroad to see  
Such wisdom, love, and truth in any other.




# The Maciam.

I AM chief of a Highland clan,  
And a light in these modern times ;  
I've studied man's ways and his wants,  
In this and all manner of climes.  
The air, and the earth, and the sea,  
Contain nothing hidden from me ;  
For the Lord never turned His back  
In the face of a resolute Mac.

The squire of the city may boast,  
With insolence born of greed,  
That he is the one heaven sends  
With light, and is gifted to lead.  
I tell you, he is not the man ;  
'Tis the chief and head of a clan ;  
For the Lord never turned His back  
In the face of a resolute Mac.

Towns rise up like great clouds of dust,  
A moment to darken the sun,  
Their shadows scarce touching the earth,  
Ere things remain as they begun.



The only things never to change—  
God's love and a chieftain's revenge ;  
For the Lord never turned His back  
In the face of a resolute Mac.

With wonder you gaze on Saint Paul's—  
An Egyptian pyramid thrills ;  
But ere they were built on the earth,  
The Lord had created the hills ;  
And planted the clans there to prove  
The power of His wisdom and love ;  
For the Lord never turned His back  
In the face of a resolute Mac.

So I am established secure,  
And all mine for ever to come ;  
To prayer of any one else,  
The good Lord is both deaf and dumb,  
He treats me, just as I treat Him,  
With confidence full to the brim ;  
For the Lord never turned His back  
In the face of a resolute Mac.

If any refuse me respect,  
Or, what's more important, my rent,  
"I set all the heather on fire,"  
And soon make the fellows repent.  
They flee to the sea-shore in need,  
To starve there on shell-fish and weed ;  
For the Lord never turned His back  
In the face of a resolute Mac.

I read in Creation's great plan,  
That some ones are born to give,  
While others are fated to die,  
In order God's chosen may live.  
The chosen are all such as I,  
Our vassals the ones doomed to die ;  
For the Lord never turned His back  
In the face of a resolute Mac.

Afar in the vast mighty deep  
Take note of the doings, and mark :  
The weak fish that swim all around  
Are food for the whale and the shark.  
The same feelings guide me—a chief,  
And who dare denounce me a thief ;  
For the Lord never turned His back  
In the face of a resolute Mac.

The eagle that soars round the cliff,  
And sly fox that steals from the wood,  
Are each by wise instinct compelled  
To seek living prey for their food.  
And what if starvation then kills  
All those who rebel on the hills ;  
For the Lord never turned His back  
In the face of a resolute Mac.

So, as head of a Highland clan,  
And a light in these modern times,  
I'm respected by old and young,  
In this and all manner of climes.

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And in days yet to come I shall shine  
With the saints, that men call divine ;  
For the Lord never turned His back  
In the face of a resolute Mac.

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## Epistle to A— M'L—.

SWEET rustic Bard o' Doric lays,  
Accept frae me a meed o' praise ;  
Lang may ye won by B—n—k's braes,  
    And heaths o' heather,  
And love's hand tend thy closing days,  
    In sunny weather.

Full proud am I to rank as frien',  
The author o' "The Winter E'en,"  
A sweeter sang ne'er met my een,  
    Or moved my heart,  
And scores on scores that lie unseen,  
    Sae blate thou art!

What else paints wi' sic witchin' power,  
The glamour o' the gloamin' hour ?  
When lovers court in broomy bower,  
    Snug side by side.

And bairnies granie's tales devour,  
Mou's open wide.

How kind thy heart auld-farrant man,  
The last o' an auld langsyne clan ;  
I wish ye may na hae been blawn  
Frae out the flood,  
Or wha kens turned clean aff han'  
In Eden's wood.

For a' thing round ye somehow wears,  
A dusky spell o' former years,  
Rare halo ! gift frae higher spheres  
To bind thegither ;  
Each loving heart that hails and cheers !  
Thee as a brither.

The bard how blest ower a' mankind,  
'Though poorly clad, yet rich in mind ;  
Endowed wi' power, rare sights to find  
In earth and sky,  
That wealthy gowks struck siller-blind  
Pass heedless by.

Their's a' the care, and fash, and toil,  
To build themsel's a towering pile,  
And lay out gardens by the mile,  
Wi' rarest skill ;  
To cove their neebors', or the while  
But time to kill.

And syne within the gashy ha',  
Great costly pictures grace the wa',  
O' lords and ladies decked fu' braw,  
And far ower staid.  
The only guid that does ava,  
Gies bodies trade.

Behold ! the bard ower looks their park,  
His eyes survey's a wider mark ;  
The fields where heroes wrocht sic wark  
For liberty.  
And songsters led on by the lark,  
Sing hymns o' joy.

Their grandest picture never shone,  
Like yon twa lovers doon the loan,  
Linked loof in loof, their bosoms one,  
Which sheds around,  
A gluff ; and lo ! ane looks upon  
Enchanted ground.

It's no in dead and shiftless art,  
To captivate the human heart ;  
'Tis living change maun play the part  
To please the eye.  
So nature's sel's the only mart,  
For lasting joy.

The sweat that trickles aff the broo,  
At smiddy fire, or bench, or ploo,

Frae toiling wights like me or you,  
Clears flesh and bane  
O' ills that ease and pleasure brew,  
To make folks grane.

Now fare-ye-weel, sae may ye fare,  
Wi' just enough to stave aff care,  
Your l'e lang days, I wish nae mair,  
Nor micht ye keep it,  
And may I aye your friendship share  
Wi' measure heapit.

---

## The Auld Man.

THE auld man, the auld, auld man,  
That dressed sae douce and plain,  
We'll never see his kindly smile,  
Or hear his voice again ;  
For the Maister saw his work was done,  
And bade an angel ca',  
And tak' his faithfu' servant hame  
Tae the Far, Far Awa'.

His bairns, bairns come frae the schule,  
And clamber on his chair,  
But sair their wee hearts miss the smile  
O' him ance sitting there.

They've sought him lang by Lady's Mill,  
And doon through Abbot's-haugh ;  
And wonder aye what road he'll come  
Frae the Far, Far Awa'.

The few friends left o' lang, lang syne  
Find nane to tak' his place ;  
For deed, they say, the folks to-day  
Are but a fickle race.  
And as they think on bygane days,  
A tear will tricklin' fa'  
For him, their auld, auld trusty friend,  
In the Far, Far Awa'.

His faither's faither, a farmer guid,  
Was busy reein' beans,  
When Charlie sent doon Fa'kirk braes  
His Camerons and M'Leans.  
But och ! the din o' clashin' swords  
He couldna thole ava,  
His ways were peacefu', like the King's  
In the Far, Far Awa'.

O, the auld man, the auld, auld man,  
Left little gear to claim ;  
But better still, the guid auld man  
Has left a spotless name.  
And the Maister looks wi' longing e'e  
Frae His Love Lichted Ha',  
And sets His faithfu' servant doon  
In the Far, Far Awa'.




## Mary Queen of Scots' Farewell to France.

DEAR land of earth's most sacred ties,  
Of pleasant fields and sunny skies,  
The chief, where learning holds its seat,  
And love and friendship's sweet retreat ;  
Fair land of girlhood's wild romance,  
My once bright home, my beauteous France !  
My beauteous France, how strange to tell  
That I should bid thee now farewell.

Alone upon the swelling tide,  
I think of one who called me bride ;  
But now, alas ! the silent dust  
Has claimed my joy and future trust.  
Sad was the hour, and dark the day,  
They bore him from my side away ;  
But wrinkled Time shall ne'er dispel  
His image by this long farewell.

Ah me ! no one now cares to stir,  
Or deigns to be my messenger ;  
No swift, unerring, peaceful dove  
To bear some token of my love.



Thou sea-bird, circling in the air,  
Oh ! listen to my earnest prayer :  
Go, screech in your discordant yell  
How loath I was to breathe " Farewell."

Behold the fast receding coast—  
A little while, and it is lost ;  
Why hold the 'kerchief still to view ?  
No more they mark the fond adieu ;  
The ship steals slowly through the main,  
And sighs are weak, and tears are vain,  
But deeds of kindness still must swell  
The bosom as it says " Farewell."

Tried remnant of a trusty band,  
True friends of France and Fatherland,  
See, night creeps fast upon our lee,  
No longer then delay with me ;  
Each to your downy bed below,  
And leave me to my couch of woe.  
Why not away ? With me to dwell  
Must only be to sigh " Farewell."

Thou dear loved land, again adieu !  
Though twilight hides thee from my view,  
This throbbing heart retains thy form,  
Engraved to outlive calm or storm.  
But hark ! a voice wails on the shore,  
" Farewell, farewell for evermore ;"  
That " evermore," hope's stern death-knell,  
Then " Evermore farewell, farewell !"

# Lines on the Death of Blind S—.

## AN ALLOA CHARACTER.

THE laurelled poet poised on fame,  
May sing the praises of the great ;  
While lowly bard of unknown name,  
Makes choice from his humble state.

Yet where the difference after all ?  
The coarser garb the ruder air  
Stops not the ear to duty's call,  
Nor bars our Father's love and care.

And he is gone ! forever gone !  
No more to tread the busy street  
And quietly grope his way along,  
With eager hand, and nimble feet.

Ye gleesome children free from school  
That loved to tease him on his way ;  
No more he'll be your willing fool,  
And laugh to hear you dance and play.

Ye generous tradesmen ever kind,  
He'll seek no more your open door ;  
Death taught his sightless eyes to find  
The blissful haven of the poor.

Yes, he was blind, and what are we ?  
The greatest of us ? prone to stray ;  
The way to heaven we plainly see,  
Yet blindly drive the downward way.

Oh, for that pure celestial Light !  
To penetrate our inmost soul ;  
And teach us all to love the right,  
'Neath heaven's high arch, from pole to pole.

---

## Eliza.

FAIR Eliza, freshly blooming  
In thy life's bright morning ;  
Fortune's rays thy path illuming,  
Though not thee adorning.

Now of thee in fancy dreaming,  
As I dreamt when younger ;  
And the more, the more esteeming,  
Passion waxing stronger.

Were I one by birthright heiring  
Scottish hills and valleys ;  
Or the Crown of Britain wearing  
In fair Windsor palace.

Then on steed of purest whiteness  
I would come to court thee,  
Or in car of dazzling brightness  
Lovingly escort thee.

But away, away delusion !  
Oh! why thus torment me ?  
Her fair face I well may muse on,  
But alone content me.



# Miscellaneous Pieces.

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## *TO MISS WALLACE.*

OUR fathers so bold, in the brave days of old,  
Came rushing from cot, tower, and palace,  
To quell the proud boast of a fierce English host  
When summoned and led by a Wallace.  
True as them let me state, thy commands we await ;  
Thy name and thy charms so enthrall us ;  
To have seen you, King Ned would defeated have fled,  
Or have knelt to adore such a Wallace.

---

## *AN APOLOGY.*

DEAR sir, a young man I engaged  
To carry your bag to the train,  
But the blockhead forgot, and I raged—  
“Ne’er you do the like o’t again.”  
But he laughed, just to show himself clever ;  
Says I, “to the deil’s mickle fire,”  
“The way please by rail or by river ?”  
“To the parish priest, sir, and inquire.”

*THE SALUTATION.*

TOM Mustard saluted a poor tinker blade,  
"Lazy loon! why your wife does the most of your trade."  
The tinker replied, "No doubt that is so, sir,  
But pray am I worse than your father the grocer."

---

*SENT WITH A MARRIAGE GIFT OF BUNYAN'S  
WORKS, TO MISS M—— M——.*

DEAR maid, at friendship's shrine I lay  
This gift for your approval;  
Accepted, then I fondly pray  
It ne'er may have removal.

Should little ones around you rise,  
I trust its simple story  
May cause their budding hearts to prize  
The path of peace and glory.

---

*ON ONE OF PENURIOUS HABITS WHO LEFT A  
LARGE SUM OF MONEY TO THE CHURCH.*

WHEN Cheatall was dying he felt insecure;  
His conscience condemned him for robbing the poor,  
So to make all things tidy, and flatter the Lord,  
He paid him beforehand for bedding and board.

# Hymns.

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## *LORD OF ALL THE EARTH AND SEAS.*

LORD of all the earth and seas,  
And the glorious heaven above ;  
Tune our minds to Thy decrees,  
And our hearts to peace and love.

Cast Thy light upon our path,  
Lest dark doubt may blind our eyes ;  
Let repentance turn Thy wrath  
When the sin-smote sinner cries.

When for daily bread we toil,  
Drenched in sweat, with burdened brain ;  
Lord, be with us all the while,  
Lead us back to quiet again.

If on ruin's brink we stand,  
Without friend to help or cheer ;  
Lord, stretch forth Thy helping hand,  
For we know that Thou art near,



Should abundance round us flow,  
And we rot or rust in ease,  
Save us ere we deeply know  
All wealth's cancerous disease.


When at last our battle's o'er,  
And our souls are seeking home,  
Sweet the voice from yonder shore—  
"Come away, brave warrior, come."

---

### *CHILDHOOD.*

LITTLE, laughing, loving child—  
Sweet as cherub, undefiled,  
Pure as lily, chaste as rose,  
Innocence and love's repose ;  
Love that none can know without thee,  
None can ever taste who doubt thee,  
Ever tasting can forget thee,  
And the calm that doth beset thee ;  
Jesus said in accents mild—  
"Heaven is like a little child."

See the snowdrop wreathed in snow,  
See the tender crocus blow ;



Weaklings both, yet first to bring  
Tidings of reviving spring.  
And the little ones who love us  
Teach us there's a power above us :  
So let us be simple minded,  
Nor to this great truth be blinded :  
Jesus said in accents mild—  
“ Heaven is like a little child.”

---

*RESIGNATION.*

DARK sullen clouds are gathering o'er my head,  
The brink of ruin's gulf I'm forced to tread ;  
No sun to cheer me ! no, nor star to guide :  
Enough, O Lord, when Thou art by my side.

My friends, retreating, leave me all alone,  
And foes, advancing, bellow out “ Undone ! ”  
Let friends forsake me, ay ! or foes deride :  
Enough, O Lord, when Thou art by my side.

Dissembling cheats, and knaves at wondrous pains,  
Are set to rob me of my honest gains ;  
Regardless though my children cry for bread—  
Enough, O Lord, when Thou art by my side.


I tremble not amidst the frightful gloom,  
Life's cares and toils are swallowed in the tomb ;  
Therefore I dread not whatso'er betide—  
Enough, O Lord, when Thou art by my side.

---

*G O D   I N   N A T U R E .*

Oft, oft I wondering think upon thy works, O Lord,  
The liquid belt that spans the world,  
The clouds thy banners all unfurled ;  
While planets move and systems roll,  
To make one universal whole.  
I pause and think : O, what is man  
To grasp so wide, so vast a plan ?  
He truly is of Thee, and called forth at Thy word !

My bosom heaves with joy in summer's early days,  
When troutlets kiss the dancing showers,  
And butterflies the opening flowers ;  
When cheerful fields, and vocal woods,  
And glittering streams, and bounding floods,  
Are wooed by winds that softly sigh,  
And make a pleasing harmony :  
All fill my heart with love, Thy holy name to praise.



When winter, raging wild, brings biting frost and snow,  
Thou hast prepared us for the cold,  
And taught us to be brave and bold ;  
For withered flowers again shall spring,  
And silent birds again shall sing ;  
Thus hath it been in ages past,  
So shall it be until the last ;

Oh, teach our doubting minds Thy will hath made it so.

The passing cares that breed disturbance in the breast,  
Could we but see Thy ways aright,  
Under Thy pure and holy Light,  
They need not give us useless pain ;  
For Thou art Love—'tis we are vain ;  
Thine only wish that we fulfil  
Obedience to Thy holy will ;  
For in Thy fulness all find everlasting rest.

---

*O SING YOUR GREAT CREATOR'S PRAISE.*

YE nations of the earth, arise !  
Arise ! shake off your worldly ways,  
Think of your lives beyond the skies,  
And sing your great Creator's praise !

Sing of His vast, unbounded love,  
Sing of His works that meet your gaze,  
Sing of the joys in Heaven above,  
O sing your great Creator's praise !

Leave off all jealousies and hates,  
Abandon wild war's maddening craze ;  
Come, individuals and states,  
And sing your great Creator's praise !

The dread of want disturbs the poor,  
The glut of gain the rich man's days,  
Go, faithless ones, make Heaven secure,  
And sing your great Creator's praise !


" Nations and tongues" have gone before,  
Nations and tongues He yet shall raise,  
To meet on Heaven's effulgent shore,  
And sing their great Creator's praise !

Oh ! then lift up your voices all,  
Your hearts with purest love ablaze,  
With one accord, in cot and hall,  
To sing your great Creator's praise !

---

*THE SAVING GRACE OF GOD.*

WHEN earthly passions wage a war  
The livelong day within the breast,  
And night sends forth no peaceful star  
To soothe the weary soul to rest,



---

Oh where is found Heaven's perfect calm  
But in the path that Jesus trod ?  
There all may find the healing balm—  
The joyful saving grace of God.

If love fills not the heart of man,  
Then greed and lust will nestle there,  
Corrupting, blot salvation's plan,  
While curses take the place of prayer.  
The foulest crimes on history's page  
To-day may blast sweet names abroad ;  
Seek shelter, then, from lust and sin  
Within the saving grace of God.

Poor sinful man, sunk in despair,  
Is fain to look to Heaven for aid,  
But getting no swift answer there,  
Concludes his prayers in vain were made :  
Oh, let him, hopeful, still implore,  
The goal lies further on the road :  
The spirit finds all warfare o'er  
Within the saving grace of God.



# Children's Hymn.

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## *I LOVE THE LORD, I DO.*

I LOVE the Lord, I do,  
Because the Lord loves me ;  
I love the Lord with all my heart,  
My guiding star is He.

I love the Lord, I do,  
In school hours or at play ;  
The Lord is ever by my side  
Throughout the long, long day.

I love the Lord, I do,  
For round my little cot,  
Through all the dark, dark hours of night,  
The Lord forgets me not.

I love the Lord, I do,  
And His name I adore,  
In Heaven at last I'll dwell with Him  
For ever, evermore !



# Temperance Pieces.

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*WEE WILLIE.—A BALLAD.*

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## PART I.

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WILLIE, child of mine, my darling,  
Hark, the bell is ringing ten ;  
If your father comes home quarrelling,  
Sure I'll never rise again.

Heart and lips, and brain are burning,  
Pent up in this city's smoke ;  
But for me there's no returning,  
Truant of my father's flock.

Did the parents I deserted,  
Know that I was dying here ;  
Brave and true, and tender hearted,  
Soon there heads were bending near.



From my hand receive this locket,  
Wear it now, and when I'm gone,  
Let not human hand unlock it  
Till your years are twenty-one.

You will stay with Jim and Jeanie,  
Be a good lad when I die ;  
For I go to Jack and Teenie  
Safe with Jesus up on high.

How my heart bleeds for your father,  
Bound by drink's hell-fastening chain ;  
May I be no loss, but rather  
Point Heaven's way to him again.

When I'm dead, my darling Willie,  
Place this Bible in my hand ;  
Planting on my grave one lily—  
That's your mother's last command.

Seek your father now, brave boy,  
And you may take Jean and Jim ;  
Sure his heart might beat with joy,  
Knowing what love's spent on him.

Willie buttoned close his jacket,  
Took wee Jeanie by the hand,  
Swiftly down the stair he stepped  
Leader of the little band.

---

Wintry winds were loud careering,  
Snowflakes flickered down apace ;  
Still the little ones kept peering,  
Into every coming face.

Into every spirit seller's,  
That they passed upon the way ;  
Questioning those gay retailers—  
But the answer still was "Nay."

When at last they reached the foundry,  
Heard the watchman cry, "He's gone,"  
This was then their utmost bound'ry,  
So they made for home alone.

Darker still the night than ever,  
Lamps threw out a feeble light  
On the road and sullen river,  
Making but a gruesome sight.

Sleety blasts shook Jeanie's clothing,  
Hurled wee Jamie 'gainst the wall,  
While a weird-like fear and loathing  
Crept upon the hearts of all.

No bright cheerful hope elates them,  
Everybody seemed to frown ;  
Yet a harder fate awaits them,  
Spite of weary tramp in town.

Turning round the stormy corner  
Leading straight into their street,  
Wonder smote each little mourner,  
Terror almost chained their feet.

First they heard a dreadful shouting,  
Mixed with agonizing cries,  
As wild flames anon kept spouting  
From a window near the skies.

Willie cried aloud, "O mother,  
Mother, father, flee for life!"  
Then they clung close to each other,  
Hurrying for the horrid strife.

For it was their own dear dwelling  
Sending forth the flames and smoke,  
So they ran, with bosoms swelling,  
That devoted, tender flock.

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## PART II.

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Outside of the toiling city,  
In an orphanage secure,  
Raised by good souls, moved by pity  
For the helpless, homeless poor.

---

Lay brave Willie slowly dying,  
Calm and meek as child might be ;  
Jim and Jeanie near him crying  
In their lonely misery.

Willie bade his nurse come near him,  
And she gently raised his head ;  
Speaking words to sooth and cheer him,  
Kindly smoothing down his bed.

“ Nurse, when does the lady visit ?  
She who prayed for me last week,  
This the day ? and this hour is it ?  
Bid her come to me and speak.”

Willie had not long to weary,  
Ere he saw the wished for face ;  
Hale and fresh, and sweet and cheery,  
Full of love, and truth, and grace.

“ Lady dear, I crave your pardon,  
And I thank you from my heart,  
Yet think not my case a hard one  
Though we now for ever part.

I but go to reach my mother,  
Freed from sin and sorrow grim ;  
But pray will you be another,  
To wee Jeanie there and Jim ?

Thank you lady, cease your weeping,  
Take this gift and ease my mind,  
I can trust it in your keeping,  
For the two I leave behind.


It is but a simple locket,  
Little after all is done ;  
Mother bade me not unlock it  
Until I was twenty one.

So I give it you in gladness,  
And you know her heart's desire ;  
Ere my father in his madness,  
Raving set our home on fire.

Yet he was a kind, kind father,  
And no matter what folks think ;  
Dare they blame him ? nay, but rather  
That accursed, cruel drink."

Ah ! what set that lady sighing  
When the locket touched her hand ?  
And the gentle boy dying,  
Gave his mother's last command.

Yea ! what set that lady kneeling,  
In an agony of tears ?  
But the hand of God revealing  
All her pride of former years.



And her cry went up to heaven,  
" Father ! Father, oh forgive !  
Shall I never be forgiven ?  
Can I suffer more and live ?

Shall my daughter's face upbraid me,  
E'en from thine eternal throne ?  
Come, dear God, oh, come and aid me !  
In thy mercy, Lord, oh come ! "

With sore stricken heart and lowly  
That poor trembling lady rose ;  
For she saw her former folly,  
And she felt her present woes.

Oh, the thought of outcast Nelly,  
And her sick child here in bed.  
So she streched her hand to Willie,  
But alas ! she touched the dead.

Fast as flash of wreck-sent rocket,  
Or fierce lightning on the wild !  
Swiftly opened she the locket,  
Gazing fondly on her child.

Then to Jim and Jeanie turning ;  
Slowly led she them away ;  
And a coach deep set in mourning,  
Took sweet Willie's corpse next day.


*DIALOGUE BETWEEN A GOOD TEMPLAR AND  
A MODERATE DRINKER.*

M— D—

CONFOUND ye Good Templars, teetotalers, and all,  
Away to Gartnavel, and bluster and brawl !  
With us you are only disturbing the peace,  
In mad-house your numbers are sure to increase ;  
You talk of progression—ha ! ha ! save the mark !  
You strike for a Will-o'-the-Wisp in the dark,  
And march with a vengeance—poor bodies, but lo !  
It's round in a beautiful circle you go.

G— T—

Stop, stop, sir ! the hangman is not in our pay,  
And who crowds lunatic asylums to-day ?  
Who's names swell the list of our burgh police ?  
Not Templars, but Tipplers, for breach of the peace.  
You're right—in a circle we march and progress,  
Dilating, expanding, we never grow less ;  
And the time is at hand I have reason to know,  
When brewers and barmen their trade must forego.



M— D—

A man must be mad to enlist in your ranks,  
By signs, salutations, grips, signals, and pranks,  
And to crown all your dress, in truth, I declare !  
You look like some mountebanks bound for a fair.  
Be advised sir, go home, turn modest and quiet,  
And plague us no more with your humbug and riot—  
Dare you hope by the law to muzzle men so,  
And thus make them sober ? ridic'lous, no ! no !

G— T—

Free Masons have signs, and in spite of the Pope,  
Are reckoned a safe constitutional prop ;  
And as to regalia, my eyes, what a feast !  
See Monarch and Courtier, and Lawyer and Priest ;  
Was't a quiet Reformation propounded by Knox ?  
He ruled with an iron rod Shepherd and Flocks ;  
And so must we too, as we mean to o'erthrow  
The traffic that lays our poor countrymen low.

M— D—

Continual abst'nence from spirits and beer  
Has made you acetic, morose, and austere ;  
Away ! I was trained in a different school,  
Do you think me a milksop or maudlin fool ?  
Give brandy to strong men, and wine to the weak,  
And to men of sound judgment, whatever they seek ;  
Let barley and grapejuice, co-mingle and flow,  
In a stream that shall drown every Templar foe !



G— T—

Continual abst'nence by choice or force  
Ne'er made living mortal a fraction the worse,  
For the fiat of God is stamped on each brow,  
"A temple dedicated to temp'rance thou."  
The stream you invoke, why? already it flows,  
Fast drowning your friends, sure it never drowns foes;  
So let all beware ere on that sea they go,  
Of the breakers ahead, and the quicksands below.

M— D—

Because of the freaks of some fool, or some ass,  
Must I needs forego all the joys of a glass;  
Our old "Magna Charta" gave freedom to all,  
But it ne'er said the great were to carry the small;  
Just think how our Chancellor's budget would fail,  
Minus duties on wines, spirits, porter, and ale,  
Great Britain, alas! must be in her death throe,  
When her sons sink to tricks so unmanly and low.

G— T—

Diabolical frenzy the joy to be drunk,  
In man rich and lofty, or beggarly sunk;  
The writ "Magna Charta" would play a small part,  
If each had the love of his neighbour at heart;  
As to the exchequer, and tax you extol,  
It's paid at the cost of each drunkard's lost soul—  
Let Britons be fired with a patriot's glow,  
And teach all the world it must not be so.

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M. D.

Good sir, be not angry, my tale is a ruse,  
I trust to instruct, or at least to amuse ;  
The views I've held forth were the views of my youth,  
I now have abandoned for those of the truth.  
Some folks may be saying the fellow's a fool,  
With a craving to teach, or a passion to rule,  
Such words fall like feathers and give a light blow,  
To the man who can leave a straight track in the snow.

G. T.

I rejoice to salute you a brother, a friend !  
May plenty surround you and peace be your end,  
And may your example teach others to feel  
To be with us is both for their interest and weal.  
Strong drink that so surely the devil equips,  
I thank God it never polluted my lips !  
Let every Good Templar be earnest and sow  
Those truths that shed fragrance wherever they grow.



*THE DRUCKEN-NE'ER-DAE-WEEL.*

A rosy cheeked bairnie ran round his mither's knee,  
His face was fu' o' fun, and his heart was fu' o' glee ;  
And sweet was the smile o' his ripe cherry mou',  
And bright was the glance o' his clear siller broo.  
What music to his mither's heart the patterin' o' his feet,  
And O ! to hear his merry laugh her joy was complete,  
For little, little did she dread, that Time's wing might conceal,

In her wee bonnie, bonnie bairn a drucken ne'er-dae-weel.

The fire that fills a mither's breast is gifted frae above,  
The love that fills a mither's heart is Heaven's holy love ;  
And so the wee, wee tottin' thing gat a' his mither's praise,  
She couldna think an angel would turn frae angel's ways.  
But cunning man wi' selfish aim still set the tempter's snare,  
And simple ane by subtle art is tempted unaware ;  
The glitter o' the serpent's e'e mak's a' his senses reel,  
Until, debauched and dazed, he turns a drucken-ne'er-dae-weel.

Wha could hae thocht in after years nae power on earth  
could save,  
That bairnie frae a drunkard's life and hopeless durnkard's  
grave ;

In vain a sister's care and love, in vain a brither's sneers,  
In vain a faither's counselling, in vain a mither's tears ;  
The silly moth that lifeless fa's aneath the taper's light,  
An emblem o' unthinking youth that's tempted frae the right,

Ah, woe betide the reckless ane that frae his parents steal  
To drink! and fa', despised and shunned—a drucken-ne'er-  
dae-weel.

Oh, listen lay and clergymen, and pray one moment think,  
How can our schools and churches stand cemented sae wi'  
drink?

You welcome blustering Bacchus, and your friends die at  
his shrine,

You build upon their ashes, and you call the work divine;  
But what is't blurs your painted walls? their sin besotted  
bones;

And what discordant in your bells? their maddening dying  
groans!

These things must pass, my brothers dear, come let us then  
repeal,

The law that lets a mither mourn a drucken-ne'er-dae-weel.

---

*THE WEE DRAPPIE.*

AIR—"For the Sake o' Somebody."

BID me not drink, I grieve to think,  
My guideman took a wee drappie;  
In vain I wrought—in vain I sought  
To win' him frae the wee drappie.

Ah me! the wee drappie,  
Love's blight! the wee drappie,

Nae hand could draw, or tongue tell a'  
The mischief in the wee drappie.


My guidman prayed that nicht he died,  
Oor bairns micht flee the wee drappie ;  
But since he's gane, there's mair than ane,  
Has fa'en tae tak' the wee drappie.  
Ah me ! the wee drappie,  
Heaven's foe ! the wee drappie,  
It breeds us care, and mak's us puir,  
And kills at last—the wee drappie.

Thou widowed Queen, the widow's freen,  
Oh, think upon the wee drappie !  
The ill-spent lives, the ill-used wives,  
And bairns starved for the wee drappie.  
Ah me ! the wee drappie,  
Hame's fiend ! the wee drappie,  
Tell men o' state to legislate,  
And vote awa' the wee drappie.

---

*KING ALCOHOL.*

O KING ALCOHOL, thou god of the bowl,  
Thy subjects millions be,  
From kings on their thrones to their simple clowns,  
What numbers bend the knee.



But what dost thou give to those who live,  
Who praise and worship thee?  
Dost thou give them wealth, or ensure them health,  
Without reward or fee?

Alas, alas, no ! sure it is not so ;  
Great one, I know thine ire ;  
The strength of thine arm is potent for harm,  
Thy breath a wasting fire.

Who sits at thy board, a common or lord,  
Had better sup with care,  
For thousands could tell, despairing they fell,  
Entangled in thy snare.

Bards call you divine, and kneel at your shrine ;  
Ha, ha ! an idle tale,  
Thy shrine, to be frank, is cellar so dank,  
Thy temple, why, a jail !

Oh, the tears that flow at the want and woe  
You've brought upon our land ;  
The good turned bad, the bright raving mad—  
The rich have empty hand.

Yea ! King Alcohol, I feel in my soul,  
That Christ thy reign abhors ;  
Behold, men arise, with power from the skies,  
To drive thee from our shores !

*WILLIE'S AWA'.*

(WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF MR. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD  
LEAVING ALLOA.)

YE brewer folks, redd up your flairs,  
And spread the grain in three-feet la'rs ;  
Ye'll hae a great demand for wares  
    Frae grit and sma' :  
The friendly deil has heard your prayers—  
    Willie's awa'.

Distillers, stow pagoda kilns  
Fill vats, and pats, and Coffy's stills,  
Till pipes roar loud as mountain rills  
    That swollen fa',  
And puncheons vie wi' Ochil hills—  
    Willie's awa'.

Ye cooper lads wha work wi' steam,  
Mak' whirling saws and axes gleam,  
Pile barrels, tight in hoop and seam,  
    Without a flaw :  
Ye'll get them selt—it's no' a dream—  
    Willie's awa'.

Slee craftsmen o' the bottle wark.  
Cast aff your duddies tae the sark,

And blaw, till Craigward's wastmost peak  
Hauds raw on raw ;  
Ye canna overshoot the mark—  
Willie's awa'.

And landlords o' oor grand hotels,  
Wha cater tae oor drouthy swells,  
Hang up anither set o' bells  
On waiters' wa' ;  
Your rooms shall ring like Devon's fells—  
Willie's awa'.

Thou hydra herd o' sma' retailers,  
Cram garrets, stores, and musty cellars ;  
A crowd shall come like fisted dwellers  
At German spa,  
And drink you dry, wi' nips, and smellers—  
Willie's awa'.

I charge oor guid chief magistrate  
Tae ope' each municipal gate,  
Preparing for a twal' hours' seat,  
Dispensing law ;  
There's nane about tae stop the spate—  
Willie's awa'

And, doctors, practice weel your stitches,  
Hae plenty wooden legs and crutches,  
Some orra hats, a few white mutches,  
A pipe or twa ;



Tae mend and soothe deluded wretches—  
Willie's awa'.

Staid clerks o' Calvin, tak' yer snooze,  
And mild anacreontic booze ;  
There's nane tae ding yer mod'rate views,  
So wag see-saw,  
An empty pow ower empty pews—  
Willie's awa'.

"Fareweel, my true Guid Templar brither !"  
(Indeed, I should address you faither,)  
We never shall find sic anither  
To drive or draw ;  
Some say, "Oor lodge shall droop and wither"—  
Willie's awa'.

Aye ready, aye wi' pen or tongue,  
As champion of the bold and strong,  
And guardian of the weak and young,  
Beloved by a' ;  
And now I read in faces hung—  
"Willie's awa'."

God bless each soul within your hallan !  
May Fortune's smiles aye licht your dwellin' !  
Lang be ye spared tae raise the fallen  
Frae drink's dead-thraw.  
"Adieu !" I say wi' bosom swellin'—  
"Willie's awa'."

---

*ON THE DEATH OF MISS K—Y M'L—D,  
An Earnest Worker in the Temperance Movement.*

WE shall miss thee greatly, fair one,  
From thy self-devoted task ;  
We would rather take than spare one—  
May God grant, then, what we ask.

In the heavens so far above us,  
Where thou art gone to dwell ;  
We feel thy soul will love us  
At the work thou lov'dst so well.

Thou art called aloft on duty,  
To a brighter, purer sphere ;  
But with us thy love and beauty  
Will be held for ever dear.

Now our hearts with sorrow laden,  
Bid our lips breathe out the plaint ;  
Since earth's lost a lovely maiden,  
Heaven has gained an holy saint.

---

*BOYS AND GIRLS.*

Boys and girls, cheerily, merrily,  
Toil away from day to day ;  
Strive to learn your lessons thoroughly  
Ere you run about and play.

Then let pleasure know no measure,  
If it gives another joy ;  
But refraining and abstaining  
Where you see it may annoy.

Keep your pledges, truly, firmly—  
Heaven's pure sentinels of our land,  
Rally round your standards warmly,  
Be a brave, heroic band.  
Truth convinces, 'tis not princes—  
And my dear ones think of this—  
Drunkards die soon, with vile poison,  
Shutting out their souls from bliss.

Boys and girls, hourly, daily,  
Live to be good maids and men ;  
Mind you, Satan strives to waylay  
Little ones within his den.  
Shun strong drink, then, lest you sink, then,  
Where no angel's footsteps rove ;  
Be ascending, rest depending  
On God's everlasting love.



*JOHN AND HIS WIFE.*

## A DIALOGUE.

SHE.

So you refuse the public-house,  
All furnished, full, and ready ;  
Oh, John ! had I ne'er seen your face,  
I might have been a lady.  
For plenty, who were serving maids,  
Now tend their bars in satin,  
While I, a plodding workman's wife,  
Must trudge about in cotton.

HE.

Dear wife of mine ! your ways are pure,  
But am I so unthinking  
As dare to hope to keep you so  
In dark orgies of drinking ?  
Some may admire a gaudy queen,  
Some praise a sweetheart's sampler,  
But in a drunken world the best—  
A full-fledged grand Good Templar.

SHE.

Good Templars—vulgar idle trash !  
Housed like some Stirling sentry ;  
No prince or lord enlist with them—  
No clergymen or gentry.

Renounce the Order ; strive with me  
To win both wealth and fame, John ;  
For in St. Stephen's you must sit,  
With M.P. at your name, John.

HE.

We cannot boast of dukes or lords,  
Nor gentry *ad libitum* ;  
They're all preserved in alcohol,  
It seems to better fit them.  
No, no, dear wife, it's not for me  
To mar men's chart of heaven ;  
Then with a polished face profess  
To right things in St. Stephen.

SHE.

Dear me ! when will you cease to dream,  
Or talk in allegory ?  
Just listen to plain common sense,  
And quite a common story :  
There's Mrs Grain, the brewer's wife,  
Who drives now in her carriage,  
But short since got our minister  
As son-in-law in marriage.

HE.

I've seen the great ones of the land  
Fall from their lofty station,

And watched the poor man's truthful son  
Give counsel to a nation.  
I could not think to pinch and cheat  
To rank with folk of quality ;  
The greatest man the world e'er saw  
Lived 'mongst the commonality.

---

*THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.*

Tired with work, and spent with worry,  
Driven from all 'twas dear in life,  
Save three children, one to bury,  
See the madman drunkard's wife.

Housed in howff in cold December,  
While her children cry for bread ;  
Oh ! to dwell in such a chamber  
With the living and the dead.

Once a merchant's only daughter,  
Casting smiles and wealth away ;  
Summer saw her on the water,  
Winter saw her at the play.

First at frolic in the meadow,  
First where beauty led the van,  
First to help the weeping widow—  
Tender good Samaritan.

Many flattered, many sought her,  
Nay, had died to win her hand,  
Numbers envied him who got her  
As the happiest in the land.

Years flew o'er them, years of pleasure,  
In the country and the town ;  
But at last with solemn measure  
Drink came in to crush them down.

Mark him first with comrades, jolly,  
Next regrets for what is done,  
Then a settled melancholy ;  
Fortune fled and business gone.

Cruel tale—delirium tremens—  
Driven fast from good to bad,  
Driven by a herd of demons !  
To a madhouse raving mad.

When the fever fit is over,  
Nurses watch his vacant stare,  
Trusting reason to discover,  
But their looks convey despair.

What shall rouse his nerveless fingers ?  
What shall rouse his torpid brain ?  
Life with him a sun that lingers,  
O'er a waste and dreary plain.

---

Weeping wife? that would not move him,  
Loss of child he ne'er shall know,  
Conscience cannot now reprove him,  
Nor death's quiet awaken woe.

Sons of Britain! sons of Britain!  
Champions of a holy light!  
See ye not that Europe's smitten,  
With a most accursed blight!

High born lord, and low born peasant,  
All who hold the Bible true;  
Think, think of the dreadful present,  
Think! but also dare and do!

Blest be he who stirs the nation  
To a sense of drink's foul shame,  
Earning thanks from every station,  
Winning an immortal name.





# Songs.

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## *THE SUNNY BANKS O' CARRON.*

### CHORUS—

BRIGHT the bonnie banks o' Carron,  
Lovely Carron, famous Carron ;  
Nature's richest robes adorn  
The sunny banks o' Carron.

At thy dear name, again I seem  
A laddie ploitering in thy stream,  
Nae care to kill the happy dream,  
Upon the banks o' Carron.

The mavis sings a sweeter lay,  
Where thy pure waters jinkin' play ;  
The sun shines doon wi' kinder ray  
Upon the banks o' Carron.

And lads and lasses were divine  
That wandered on thy banks langsyne ;  
O blessed Paradise o' mine,  
The balmy banks o' Carron.

Aye teach the young, ye elders grave,  
To venerate its gentle wave ;  
And tell how Bruce and Wallace brave  
Ance trod the banks o' Carron.

---

*THE EMIGRANT'S RETURN.*

I sigh for a sight o' the wild hoary mountains,  
And valleys where simmer delights to remain,  
The land o' proud rivers, and rock-sheltered fountains,  
Where Freedom has conquered again and again.  
'Tis thee, Caledonia, dear hame o' my childhood !  
My heart's fondest hopes are all centred in thee,  
For there, in a wee cosy cot by the wildwood,  
A bonnie Scotch lassie is waitin' for me.

Around here are mansions of dazzling splendour,  
And smiling abundance in forest and field ;  
But where are the true hearts, so loving and tender,  
The weary to shelter, and helpless to shield ?  
Ah, where ? but at hame ! in that land o' the heather,  
Where young folks are gallant, and auld folks are free,

And brawly I ken there, in fair or foul weather,  
A bonnie Scotch lassie is waitin' for me.

When bairnies, we gathered the sweet rasps and brambles,  
And lapfu's o' wild flowers that grew in the dell ;  
As lovers delighted in lang sunny rambles,  
Till Fate made us part in a tender farewell.  
But soon I'll be hame, and a rousin' feast haudin'  
Wi' freens o' langsyne, and right merry we'll be !  
And this I hae sworn too, the bride at my waddin',  
The bonnie Scotch lassie that's waitin' for me.

---

*COME AWA' TO CAMPSIE GLEN.*

AIR—"Ghillie Callum."

Come awa' to Campsie Glen,  
Come awa' wi' me, lassie ;  
Come awa' to Campsie Glen,  
Fairy sights to see, lassie.  
Dancing down the water fa's  
Deep into the pool, lassie,  
Whirling round, and round, and round,  
Aye sparkling fresh and cool, lassie.

Now it breasts a mossy stane,  
Now it laves the bank, lassie ;  
There it wanders smoothly down,  
Here a ravelled hank, lassie.

Tufts o' bracken fresh and green  
Busk the burn's brink, lassie ;  
Woodbine sweet, and celandine,  
Hyacinth and pink, lassie.

Wha sae blest as we shall be ?  
Climbin' bank and brae, lassie ;  
Makin' love and pu'in' flowers  
A' the lang, lang day, lassie.  
Only this to memory dear,  
Only this I crave, lassie :  
Ae fond kiss where nane 'ill ken,  
In the fairy's cave,\* lassie.

---

*MEET ME MY LOVE.*

AIR—"O for the Bloom of my own Native Heather."

MEET me my love on the banks o' the Avon ;  
Meet me whare nane but the wee birdies ken,  
Doon by the rock sheltered bield o' the raven ;  
Doon in the glen, my love, doon in the glen.

Come when the bright rays o' day are departin' ;  
Come when the lark sings in rapture aboon,  
Ere the far west spreads its rich purple curtain,  
Ere the last hour o' the lown afternoon.

---

\* Several years ago there was a cave behind the waterfall.

Come by the burn-side that skirts the gay meadow,  
Step doon the bank by the hawthorn tree ;  
There I shall get the first glimpse o' yer shadow—  
Shadow indeed, but the world to me.

Then in the sweet hinny hours o' the gloamin',  
Hid in a flowery recess o' the glen ;  
Kisses I'll get frae thee, fairest o' women,  
Kisses that mak' me the proudest o' men.

---

*OUR AIN OCHIL HILLS.*

WHAT Scotsman ever wandered  
In search o' wealth, or fame :  
But felt a deep heart yearning  
To see his native hame ;  
The grandeur of her lofty Bens,  
His very heart-string thrills—  
Why ! Roman conqueror never trod  
Our ain Ochil hills.

CHORUS—

Our ain Ochil hills,  
Our ain Ochil hills,  
The first in Caledonia !  
Our ain Ochil hills.

The eagle builds on bald Craigleith,  
The mavis haunts the glens ;  
And modest linties sing secure  
In briery scented dens ;  
A shoal o' speckled trouties,  
Ilk rocky basin fills,  
A' sporting in the sunshine on  
Our ain Ochil hills.

When showers o' simmer kiss Bencleuch,  
And a' looks fresh and fair ;  
And smiling rainbow sets the lark  
A whistling in the air,  
While Devon louns in cauldron linns  
And ca's the kelpies' mills.  
O ! sic a place o' merriment  
Our ain Ochil hills.

Demyat views serenely  
The peerless links o' Forth,  
And Stirling Brig, and Bannockburn,  
That stamp auld Scotia's worth ;  
For wheresoe'er her sons may roam,  
They fire wha slavery chills,  
Wi' sparks o' independence frae  
Our ain Ochil hills.

Gae search the wide, wide world o'er !  
I trow ye winna find,

Lairds half so free and canty,  
Or cottars half so kind ;  
As those wha won on Alva's braes.  
To Reddin's upland rills,  
Wha draw their inspiration frae  
Our ain Ochil hills.


---

*THE DEAR DAYS O' LANGSYNE.*

AIR—"Oh ! why Left I my Hame."

Oh, leeze me on the days,  
The days sae lang gane by ;  
When I was but a bairn  
Wi' a' a bairn's joy.  
Then a' the world was fair,  
And a' the folks divine ;  
But that was in the days,  
The dear days o' langsyne.

Then fairies filled the woods,  
And hermits roamed the dales,  
Where far aff echoes tauld  
The wanderin' warlocks tales ;  
While laverock lived on high,  
And stars frae heaven did shine ;  
But that was in the days,  
The dear days o' langsyne.



Oh for the trusting heart,  
That filled each bairnie's breast !  
Oh for the priceless faith  
That made each shepherd blest !  
And a' the sweets o' hame,  
Where love aye saw us dine,  
Contented in the days—  
The dear days o' langsyne.

I hate the gaudy show  
And glitter o' the town ;  
Where pomp and poortith meet  
Ilk ither wi' a frown.  
Gae me life's simple ways  
And joys that ance were mine,  
For glints o' heaven blessed—  
The dear days o' langsyne.

---

*O CHERRIES, RIPE CHERRIES.*

O CHERRIES, ripe cherries, sirs ! cherries, who'll buy ?  
So sweet, ripe, and rosy, and fair to the eye ;  
And fresh frae the far sunny banks o' the Clyde,  
The care o' my faither, my brither's hale pride ;  
Our neighbours cam' rinnin' to see them for weeks,  
The sun ilka morn kissed the dew aff their cheeks ;  
Step forward, step forward, come, taste them, and try  
My cherries, ripe cherries, sirs ! cherries, who'll buy ?



Three bunches a penny, sirs ! shining and smooth !  
And rare as the rich virgin kisses o' love !  
They grew at the foot o' a rock-sheltered dell,  
O'erlooking the brink o' a wee fairy well ;  
The bee thocht their blossoms the sweetest on earth,  
And loud piped the mavis in praise o' their worth ;  
Step forward, step forward, come, taste them, and try  
My cherries, ripe cherries, sirs ! cherries, who'll buy ?


O cherries, ripe cherries, sirs ! cherries, who'll buy ?  
So sweet, ripe, and rosy, and fair to the eye ;  
Who sees my rare cherries spread out on their board  
Must know they're a feast for a lady or lord ;  
My cherries will sweeten the breath of a king,  
My cherries will brighten the hue of a queen ;  
Step forward, step forward, come, taste them, and try  
My cherries, ripe cherries, sirs ! cherries, who'll buy ?

---

*THE TRYSTING TREE.*

AIR—"I hae laid a Herrin' in Saut."

THE sun was setting sae rosy red  
O'er the rim o' the hill sae hie,  
The crows were gathering in the wud  
As I hied for the trysting tree ;  
The trysting tree,  
The trysting tree,



There Jean promised to meet wi' me ;  
'Neath the bield o' a hawthorn tree,  
My love promised to meet wi' me.

On this hand-side the scented bean,  
On that the smiling flowery lea ;  
My path was strewn wi' sweets yestreen,  
And love lit up the trysting tree ;  
The trysting tree,  
The trysting tree,  
There Jean promised to meet wi' me ;  
'Neath the bield o' a hawthorn tree,  
My love promised to meet wi' me.

You may be sure we didna part  
Until the howlet closed his e'e ;  
And I had won my Jeanie's heart,  
Yestreen beneath the trysting tree ;  
The trysting tree,  
The trysting tree,  
There Jean promised to marry me ;  
'Neath the bield o' a hawthorn tree,  
My love promised to marry me.

We hae nae wealth, so canna rove ;  
But hopefu' pray that heaven may gie  
Us days o' toil, and nights o' love,  
Like those spent 'neath the trysting tree ;  
The trysting tree,  
The trysting tree,

There Jean promised to marry me ;  
'Neath the bield o' a hawthorn tree,  
My love promised to marry me.

---

*OH HOW SHALL I ENDEAVOUR?*

AIR—"O Ruddier than the Cherry."

Oh how shall I endeavour,  
A picture of my lover?  
For painter's art, could ne'er impart,  
Such charms as I discover.

What words describe those glances,  
That all my soul entrances ;  
While pulses warm, carouse in storm,  
And heart outrageous dances.

Wrapt in her soft caresses,  
What bliss my heart possesses ;  
Her lips confine more joys than wine,  
An angel's song her kisses.

Oh, source of wondrous pleasure !  
In never ending measure !  
I guess from thee what heaven shall be,  
And so I bless my treasure.

*THE WOODS OF OLD DUNMORE.*

PRAY, tell me not of other lands,  
What pleasures they bestow !  
Though purest waters kiss the strands,  
Where gorgeous wild-woods grow ;  
For what care I how fair the clime,  
Where tyrants hold their sway ;  
Whose vassals count it not a crime  
Heaven's laws to disobey.  
So give, oh give me Scotland yet,  
That's free from shore to shore,  
The Forth's proud stream my muses theme,  
And wild wood old Dunmore.

## CHORUS.

The woods of old Dunmore ;  
The woods of old Dunmore,  
So twined in memory round my heart,  
I trow to part no more.

It was upon thy flowery plain  
My Mary first I saw,  
The sweetest lass among the train,  
And fairest o' them a' ;  
We danced and roamed about all day,  
And led the merry throng ;  
Till dusky bats came out to play,  
And listen to our song.

So, ever since that happy time,  
I carena where I be ;  
I love to sing this simple rhyme,  
In a' my wildest glee.


I've roamed the Highland hills and glens,  
The country and the town :  
And searched the city's crowded dens,  
Where beauty wins renown ;  
But all in vain, oh ! none were there  
With form so full of grace,  
As match the summer o' her air  
And sunshine o' her face ;  
None other will my heart adore,  
I love her simple ways,  
And by the woods of old Dunmore  
We'll spend our happy days.

---

*YOU ARE WELCOME, LOVELY LASSIE, TO OUR  
LOYAL HIELAND HILLS.*

You are welcome, lovely lassie, to our loyal Hieland hills !  
You are welcome, lovely lassie, to our loyal Hieland hills !  
You are welcome, lovely lassie, to our loyal Hieland hills !  
Ay, a hearty Hieland welcome here awaits ye.

We'll cast our lines abin the linn, and fetch ye caller fish,  
And search the muir wi' willing fit to gi'e ye dainty dish ;  
Your bed shall be o' thistle down, and a' thing to your wish,  
And a hearty Hieland welcome shall await ye.



---

We'll row ye o'er the dimpled loch to see the dancin' linn ;  
And drive ye through the fairy-wood aneith the siller mune,  
That lifts the heart awa' frae earth to tranquil scenes abin,  
Where a hearty Hieland welcome shall await ye.

Then come, my lassie, come, to the hame prepared for you,  
Where flowers around are smiling and Hieland hills in view ;  
Believe the soul that trusted us had never cause to rue,  
So a hearty Hieland welcome here awaits ye.

---

*CARRON WATER.*

Flow on, dearest Carron, and dance down the hills,  
Where bright honey-heather its sweetness distils ;  
And wild mountain thyme, and the violet so blue,  
Cast into thy fountains their pearls o' dew.

Fair stream, thy pure waters awoke the regard  
Of Morven's sweet singer, our old Gaelic bard ;  
Thy waves glide along in his dear classic lay  
As dreamy and sweet as I see them to-day.

Langsyne wi' my playmates, a' fu' o' schule pranks,  
We ran aye to douk by thy lown sunny banks,  
Till hunger would drive us to fling on our claes,  
And howk the sweet earth-nuts on Dorrator braes.

When lovers, what fun at the end o' the lanes,  
In helpin' our joes o'er thy broad stepping-stanes ;  
For gin a chaste wave kissed ane's ankle a wee,  
The louder our laughter, the wilder our glee.


On thy flowery banks, oh ! what daffin' was there,  
Wi' youths a' true-hearted and maidens so fair ;  
But of those fair maidens assembled, were none  
So fair as my Mary, my dear one, my own.

Oh ! sweet are the joys shared with those that we love,  
As memory flings o'er all a charm from above ;  
In vain the rude world will endeavour to please,  
When hearts dwell with fondness on pleasures like these.

---

*PUT YOUR TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.*

FEAR not, fear not, though thou may'st fall  
From splendour and renown,  
And friends turn traitors, and dread want  
With sorrow weigh you down.  
Bear up ; yet place no faith in man,  
From cot to gilded throne ;  
But put your trust in Providence—  
In Providence alone.



The Power that watched thy infant days,  
Protecting thee from harm,  
Is still as careful, and as strong,  
To shield thee in the storm.  
Oh never, never nurse despair !  
Nor utter coward moan ;  
But put your trust in Providence—  
In Providence alone.

Behold the blessed April showers  
Descending in the sun !  
While all the living birds and flowers  
Rejoice at spring begun.  
Man cannot make or mar such scenes—  
The wise look calmly on,  
And put their trust in Providence—  
In Providence alone.

Who bade the Afric swallow find  
A home upon our shores ?  
Who bids the robin seek the wood ?  
The bee to build her stores ?  
Who? but the mighty Power that rules  
From pole to torrid zone !  
So, put your trust in Providence—  
In Providence alone.



*SAW YE OOR HIELAND LADDIES?*

AIR—"Wha Wadna Fecht for Charlie?"

CHORUS—


SAW ye our Hieland laddies?  
Saw ye them march awa'?  
Saw ye our Hieland laddies,  
Armed, plaided, plumed, and a'?

At their head a band o' pipers,  
Every piper loud did blaw,  
"Doon wi' vile usurping vipers,  
Freedom reigns where kilties draw."

Ladies cheered the gay commanders,  
Lassies cheered the rank and file,  
And our country's brave defenders  
Paid them back wi' sweetest smile.

Had you seen them tread the causey,  
Every footstep shook the ground;  
Weel nicht mony a bonnie lassie  
Wish them safely hameward bound.

Windows, doors, and stairs were crowded,  
Loud hurrahs came pouring forth;  
While the sun shone down unclouded  
On the champions of the north.



---

Scotia's rousing ballads tell us  
O' their deeds in former days—  
How the daring, dauntless fellows  
Ever scattered Britain's faes.

---

*WILLIE WYLLIE—A BALLAD.*

O! BLYTHE Willie Wyllie was handsome and young,  
And blythe Willie Wyllie was winning o' tongue ;  
I met him ae nicht at a dance on the green—  
He praised, and caressed me as I'd been a queen,  
And said, "Dearest lassie, come now, be my ain,  
And grant me this favour, to meet thee again."  
So we met next by tryst, and we met all alone,  
In a bonnie wee wood on the east o' Benton.

The simmer was drifting awa' into June,  
We met—fine I mind—on a warm afternoon,  
And thocht that the lark, ay! had reached Heaven's gate,  
He sang down sae sweetly to cheer his wee mate ;  
So we waled out a seat near a high flowering thorn,  
And sat down sae snug by the banks o' the burn ;  
For we met there by tryst, and we met all alone,  
In that bonnie wee wood on the east of Benton.

Dear, dear are the hours that are cheered wi' a kiss,  
And hallowed the spot that has witnessed sic bliss :

I'll aye mind the flowers, and clear flowing stream,  
And sweet scented wind that set a' in a dream.  
Oh ! little thocht I that the place had such charms,  
Till Willie encircled my heart in his arms ;  
For we met there by tryst, and we met all alone,  
In that bonnie wee wood on the east o' Benton.

But waes me ! that nicht, oh ! the sad hours I spent,  
For faither fell angry : refused his consent ;  
And Willie's proud heart couldna brook sic a slicht,  
So he turned on his heel, and bade a' guid-nicht ;  
Syne I held out my hand, while a tear filled my e'e,  
And he sabbed out, " Farewell ! mind the wee wood and me."  
For we met there by tryst, and we met all alone,  
In that bonnie wee wood on the east o' Benton.

My auld faither thocht he could thwart Heaven's plan :  
The bank broke, and left him a penniless man ;  
Yet bald Bailie Brown never lay frae our door,  
But I wouldna hae him, although we were poor ;  
" Deed, faither," said I, " there's ane ten times his worth,  
He'll come, though he comes frae the end o' the earth ;  
For we met ance by tryst, and we met all alone,  
In a bonnie wee wood on the east o' Benton."

Ae day, sax years after, a beggar cries crouse :  
" Guidman ! gie's your dochter, and share o' the house."  
" I'll no' interfere, sir, but let heaven will,  
And there is my dochter, just ask her yersel'."

I cried out, "Booed body, for guid sake gae wa'!  
The lad that I lo'e is baith strapping and braw;  
Oh! we met ance by tryst, and we met all alone,  
In a bonnie wee wood on the east o' Benton."

Like magic! he threw aff his auld beggar trash!  
And stood—Willie Wyllie! as straight as a rash;  
Amazed, and dumbfounded, I fell on his breast,  
A kiss frae his sweet mou' set matters at rest;  
And the first words I spake when all was made plain,  
"I tauld aye my faither ye'd come back again;  
For we met ance by tryst, and we met all alone,  
In that bonnie wee wood on the east o' Benton."

---

*LOGIE LOAN.*

AIR—"Logan Braes."

STAY, stay, thou soul-inspiring sun,  
And hear me ere your course is run;  
Kneel down as thou wert wont to do,  
And chastly pree Benledi's broo;  
I sing of hallowed scenes divine,  
And sweet, sweet joys o' auld langsyne,  
When earth's first heavenly love was known  
To my young heart in Logie Loan.

I see the half-hid Menstry mills,  
And silver-spangled Ochil hills,  
The Blair and Abercromby woods  
Wi' witching, deep, sweet solitudes,

And far on high the vocal ring,  
Where cloud-wrapt laverocks gaily sing ;  
A' tell o' joys, joys past and gone,  
Wi' my dear love in Logie Loan.

The slender broom and scented brier,  
Nod o'er the burnie wimpling clear,  
And honied flowers in hedge and tree  
Court bright-winged butterfly and bee ;  
Ahint the wee wood's leafy screen,  
Securely hid frae envious e'en,  
I dreamt o' earthly bliss that's flown  
Wi' Lizzie Laird o' Logie Loan.

But withering, icy-fingered Death !  
He stole my sweet flower's fragrant breath ;  
" Oh, fie ! foul thief, to come by night,  
Thy heart had failed thee in the light !"  
Now a' my care when night grows mirk,  
To haunt the yard o' Logie kirk ;  
What memories in yon moss clad stone,  
O' Lizzie Laird and Logie Loan.

Ye courtly crowd, and city throng,  
Oh, sneer not at my simple song ;  
I pipe not to be praised or heard :  
I pipe a wild-wood artless bird ;  
Love's consecrated scenes around  
Live in my heart as holy ground,  
Awakening thoughts of Heaven's bright throne,  
My Lizzie Laird and Logie Loan.

---

*THE TAR'S RETURN.*

ANNIE.

So my love Harry's home again,  
Away now anxious grief and pain,  
Unheeded angry winds may howl and smite the raging  
main ;  
For nightly prayers, and hourly fears,  
Have been my lot for five long years ;  
But oh, what joy ! for who appears ?  
My happy Harry Blaine.

HARRY.

Dear Annie, think no more of me,  
Fulfilled our hopes can never be,  
Alas, alas ! that we should meet to part in misery !  
Three vast estates I won afar,  
But lost them, curse my luckless star !  
Behold a poor, a shipwrecked tar,  
Oh, lovely Annie Lee !

ANNIE.

Had you been rich instead of poor,  
You might have passed our humble door,  
And I had mourned a harder fate than many could endure ;  
Pray take me to that distant coast  
Where all was won that now is lost ;  
Cheer up, though poor, we yet may boast  
A happy home, I'm sure.

## HARRY.

What! would you toiling cross the main,  
And tread a burning desert plain  
Where savage beasts and wilder men in lawless freedom  
reign?

No, no; you will forget me soon,  
Blest in delightful honeymoon;  
Far better than in wild monsoon  
With luckless Harry Blaine.

## ANNIE.

My daily bread's enough for me,  
Enjoying love and liberty;  
The modest lily needs no dower, nor blithe bird on the tree;  
Then live with us, content to share  
Our humble lot, our humble fare,  
To make you blest the constant care  
Of lonely Annie Lee.

## HARRY.

I'll tease no more; and to be plain,  
Accept these trinkets made in Spain,  
And share my fortune held secure in India's rich domain;  
Above the dell beside the bay,  
Where, free from school, we used to play,  
I've built a cot, so come away  
With happy Harry Blaine.

---

*PROUDLY BOUNDS OUR BARQUE WHEN THE  
SEAS RUN HIGH.*

LIGHT, light our hearts and lively, when our good ship stands  
to sea,  
And Jones, our pilot bluff and bold, has earned his honest  
fee ;  
“ Good bye,” cries Jones, “ good bye,” cry we, and blithely  
part again,  
He to his dear old dame, while we are bound for distant  
Spain ;  
The morning breeze is fresh and fair, the morning breeze is  
cool,  
The watch is told and pipe aloud, like merry youths at Yule,  
“ Press on her boys, press on her boys, spread canvas to the  
sky,  
For proudly bounds our barque when the seas run high.  
Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !  
For proudly bounds our barque when the seas run high.”

We swiftly mount the crested waves as fresher blows the gale ;  
Our hearts with joy are running o'er to see the flowing sail,  
And all the songs we hear again of dear friends left behind :  
For, oh ! the merry carollings that's in a favouring wind ;  
The sea gulls circling far astern are fading fast from view,  
While louder still the good old song bursts from the jolly  
crew,  
“ Press on her boys, press on her boys, spread canvas to the  
sky ;



For proudly bounds our barque when the seas run high,  
Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !  
For proudly bounds our barque when the seas run high."

Light, light our hearts and lively when our ship comes back  
again,  
And safely in the dear old dock she's moored with double  
chain ;  
Our wives, our sweethearts, and our friends now hail us with  
delight,  
There's nought but blessings all the day, and pleasure all the  
night,  
Who would not be a sailor bold ? more happy than a king,  
Who would not be a sailor bold ? and with his comrades  
sing—  
" Press on her boys, press on her boys, spread canvas to  
the sky,  
For proudly bounds our barque when the seas run high,  
Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !  
For proudly bounds our barque when the seas run high."

---

*O HURRAH FOR THE LAND !*

O HURRAH for the land ! where the eagle so grand  
Looks down from his eyry afar to the sea ;  
Where the brave and the bold guard their homes as of old,  
The homes of the fair and the free ;

No tyrant knave dare steer them,  
Or any foreign foe stand near them,  
All nations of the world revere them,  
    As time goes rolling on ;  
    Rolling on, rolling on,  
    As time goes rolling on,  
All nations of the world revere them,  
    As time goes rolling on.

And the great sun on high from his throne in the sky,  
    Never ceases to smile on their labours of love ;  
For their trade with mankind is as free as the wind,  
    As the deeds of their fathers can prove ;  
The fetters are struck from the slave there,  
And bound on the sin-sodden knave there,  
Bright laurels adorn the brave there,  
    As time goes rolling on ;  
    Rolling on, rolling on,  
    As time goes rolling on,  
Bright laurels adorn the brave there,  
    As time goes rolling on.

So hurrah for the land ! where the eagle so grand  
    Looks down from his eyry afar to the sea ;  
Where the brave and the bold guard their homes as of old,  
    The homes of the fair and the free ;  
Long, long may her sons, Whig or Tory,  
    Still add to their forefathers' glory,  
And the world rejoice at the story,  
    As time goes rolling on.

Rolling on, rolling on,  
As time goes rolling on,  
And the world rejoice at the story,  
As time goes rolling on.

---

*DOON ON THE BANKS O' THE WEE  
WOODLAND BURN.*

AIR—"The Flowers o' the Forest."

Sweet flowers were springing,  
And blythe birds singing,  
Gaily and clear in the bright simmer morn ;  
While to love's summon,  
Ane kenned my comin',  
Doon to the banks o' the wee woodland burn.

Fond was our meeting,  
Kind was our greeting,  
Laughing the cares o' this cauld world to scorn ;  
Heaven wared its blessing  
On our caressing,  
Doon on the banks o' the wee woodland burn.

But on the morrow,  
Clouds came with sorrow,  
Leaving me lonely and cheerless to mourn ;

---

Still my heart's turning,  
With lover's yearning,  
Doon to the banks o' the wee woodland burn.

Yea ! memory's finger  
Points me to linger  
Under the white blooming boughs o' the thorn ;  
Living a lover,  
The dear hours over,  
Doon on the banks o' the wee woodland burn.

---

*M Y L O V E .*

My love is sweet as the dew-spangled brier ;  
Dear as the soul-soothing sound of the lyre ;  
Warm as the life-giving sunbeams that fire  
The heart on a gay summer morning.

Straight as a fir in the storm-sheltered wood ;  
Pure as the snow of the heaven-drifting cloud ;  
Bright as an angel, and truly as good,  
The wiles of the world ever scorning.

The charm of my soul, and pride of my days ;  
None have the gift of her sweet pleasing ways ;  
Rich ones and poor are alike in their praise,  
And call her a rose amidst willow.

Round her the quiet of a bosom at rest ;  
Round her the sweet balmy airs of the west ;  
Round her the love-breathing spell of the blest,  
That wooes the sick ones from their pillow.

Oh ! if a rival, or death, cause me pain—  
Flowers that are fairest are first to be ta'en ;  
Few of our race but the vulgar remain,  
And live but in dread of each other.

Hear me in pity, thou great Power above !  
Surely Thou would'st not deny me my love ?  
If so, let death my poor body remove,  
I never could think of another.

---

### *O O R W E E J O C K I E.*

AIR—"Green Grow the Rashes, O !"

FOLKS tell me in a flatterin' way  
Oor bairn is like his daddie, O,  
But surely he was never sic  
A harum-scarum laddie, O.

CHORUS—

Oor wee Jockie, O,  
Oor wee Jockie, O,  
The wildest loon in a' the toon,  
A cunning little rogue, O.

---

The first on fit, at screegh-o'-day,  
 A-skirlin' for his coggie, O ;  
 The last at nicht in jingo ring,  
 Among them a' sae vogie, O.

Deck him wi' guther's boots and hat,  
 And guid'am's book and glasses, O ;  
 He looks as proud's a dominie  
 Presidin' ower his classes, O.

Where'er he spies a washing tub,  
 He rins like ony hatter, O,  
 And makes wee Allie's doll or hat  
 His steamboat in the water, O.

He plagues his uncle's very life,  
 Aboot his pouches pokin', O  
 To get his pipe, then strikes a light,  
 And briskly fa's a smokin', O.

And for a bawbee, oh, the pranks !  
 He'll whistle, dance, and caper, O :  
 Then off for candy, and steal back,  
 And burke you wi' the paper, O.

He's awfu' gleg for ane sae young—  
 But twa years and a quarter, O :  
 My sang, wha kens, he yet may wear  
 A ribbon, star, and garter, O !

I ever pray he ne'er may fa',  
But bear his head fu' cockie, O ;  
And dae, as some great men hae done—  
Adorn the name o' Jockie, O.

---

*THE WOONIN' O'T.*

AIR—"The Rock and the Wee Pickle Tow."

WHEN Jockie first saw the beard sprout frae his chin,  
His een never tired wi' the viewin' o't,  
He washed it, and brushed it, below and abin,  
And ne'er gaed ower twirlin', and pu'in' o't ;  
Shortsyne but a laddie and noo quite a man,  
Wi' hat cocked agee and a cane in his han' ;  
He dreamt o' some lady wi' houses and lan',  
And a' to be had for the woonin' o't.

And O ! sic a fash ower each steek o' his claes,  
Something wrang wi' the shape, or the sewin' o't ;  
His mither, puir body, maist ended her days  
Wi' his ruffled sark, bleachin', and bluein' o't ;  
But a' widna please him, he girmed, and he spat ;  
It was stiff, it was limp, it was this, it was that.  
His mither cried " Laddie, what wud ye be at,  
Gin't's a wife that ye want, fa' to woonin' o't.

But dinna tak' ane o' yer Frenchified dalls,  
Or in sax weeks ye'll fa' to the ruein' o't ;  
Wi' their debt, and their dirt, and their fine falderals,  
And the clash they're sae guid aye a-brewin' o't ;  
Tak' ane like yer'sel, though she hasna a steek ;  
Ane to wash, mend, or bake, ony day in the week,  
That's what ye mun look to, and no a smooth cheek,  
Or better ne'er start to the woonin' o't.

In less than a month, on a blythe Hallowe'en,  
Jockie fell to a billin' and cooin' o't ;  
Wi' the toast o' the town, a dandified queen ;  
And O ! sic a beckin', and booin' o't :  
He ca'd her the sweetest lass ever was born,  
And slaverin' kissed her till ane in the morn,  
And when they were parted Jock felt sae forlorn,  
He sighed to be back to the woonin' o't.

On next Handsel-Monday the waddin' took place,  
And great was the din at the doin' o't ;  
The only ane there wi' a sorrowfu' face,  
His mither, wha shook wi' a gruein' o't ;  
"Puir Jockie," she sabbed, "maun hae been in a craze,  
To marry a lass canna wash her ain claes ;  
It's the stupidest thing e'er I kent a' my days,  
Waes me ! but he'll rue sair the woonin' o't."

Ere New'rday cam' round my lady had twins ;  
But Jock prayed for nae mair renewin' o't ;



Wi' makin' the parritch, and washin' the weans,  
Jock flate while she sat a-boo-booin' o't.  
And sae wi' her greetin', the bairns wid squeal,  
Then Jockie sent baith her and them to the deil,  
Syne aff to his mither as fast's he could reel,  
And banned baith the waddin' and woooin' o't.

But alas ! for puir Jockie, his mither she died ;  
So his life he began the reviewin' o't ;  
And he saw very weel, that the counsel defied,  
Had bred him mair pleasure persuin' o't :  
But bairns, that tak' na a mither's advice,  
May some day find oot that they were na sae wise,  
As the auld pow that kent baith the outcome and price,  
O' a waddin', and beddin', and woooin' o't

---

*M A R I O N.*

MARION ! Marion ! fondest and fairest one !

Pure as a snowflake that's leaving the sky ;  
Twin roses opening tips picture thy bonnie lips—  
Diamonds might borrow their light from thine eyes.

Snowdrops and lillies white, both would appear as night  
Placed as a wreath on thy beautiful brow ;  
While each soft dimpled cheek, shines like a cherry sleek—  
Nay ! they are richer and rarer I trow.

Long have the wise and great preached of a future state :  
 Each holding forth something marvellous and new ;  
 Never to man was given such a foretaste of heaven  
 As when a sigh brings thy bosom in view.

Tell me what youth would rove, had he so fair a love ?  
 Blessed by the old and adored by the young !  
 Would he not reckon then, vain the pursuits of men ?  
 Fortune a bubble, and fame an old song ?

---

*SIMMER AGAIN IN HER WIDE-SPREADING  
 A R M S.*

AIR—"Lucy's Flitting."

Simmer again in her wide-spreading arms  
 Holds field and fell in a tender embrace ;  
 The wee birds are piping the wealth o' her charms—  
 The wee flowers are smiling in ilka kent place.  
 It gives to the soft rose a beautiful blossom,  
 It gives a rich mantle o' green to the tree ;  
 But ah ! ah ! its brightness ne'er beams in my bosom,  
 It canna give Willie, young Willie, to me.

Yon burn steals slowly beneath the broom bushes,  
 Unheeded, uncared for, it courses along,  
 Till doon ower the face o' a wee rock it rushes,  
 Where canny it croons ower a bonny bit sang :

The spray as it rises the green leaf refreshes,  
And gives it a brightness most pleasing to see ;  
But ah ! ah ! this cannot add ought to my wishes—  
Oh ! for sweet Willie, young Willie, to me.

The western breeze comes a-wavering around me,  
A' laden wi' fragrance, how lightly it moves ;  
As, bathing my cheeks, oh ! how sadly to wound me,  
To think how unstinted and freely it roves.  
It gives to yon maid's heart a warm emotion,  
For it wafts her young gallant frae ower the salt sea ;  
But ah ! ah ! it cannot awake my devotion,  
Or ever waft Willie, young Willie, to me.

---

*YE WORKMEN OF COUNTRY AND TOWN.*

YE workmen of country and town,  
Though shackled in Poverty's fetters,  
Oh, look not abroad with a frown,  
Nor deem landed gentry your betters.  
Who would thrive, let him court Heaven's love,  
And work for the good of his neighbours,  
And the Power that's watching above  
Will bless the advent of his labours.

---

## CHORUS—

Strive, strive, strive,  
Ever strive to assist one another,  
The way to be great,  
And mend your estate,  
Is to toil and keep true to each other.

Oh, never be supplicant slave !  
And rather be lender than debtor,  
Avoid and beware of the knave,  
Nor ever give ear to the traitor ;  
Yet always be gentle and kind,  
And stand by your creed to the letter ;  
Believe me, 'tis thus you will find  
Your cause day by day growing better.

Thus, men of the country and town,  
No matter how lowly your station,  
The future holds forth a renown  
To you, as to all in the nation.  
Keep moving along heart and hand,  
There soon will be plenty to favour,  
Your name grow a power in the land,  
While glory shall crown each endeavour.



---

*I AM A JOLLY TRADESMAN.*

I am a jolly tradesman, with a merry little wife ;  
And if you listen I will sing some comforts of my life.  
One thing I would advise you try—it's what I always do—  
In earning pay from week to week, I save a little too.

## CHORUS—

Folks call me "Tom," "Plain honest Tom."  
No beadles haunt my door ;  
I've money in the bank, my boys,  
And int'rest at the store.

I have two little children now, that meet me on the road,  
When coming home at night from work towards my snug  
abode.  
With tiny hands they draw me on, and place me in my  
chair ;  
I bless their chubby faces, for they drive away my care.

I once was poor, and needy too, as any one could be,  
But onward I kept plodding, and I'm plodding yet, you see ;  
Yea, to court Dame Fortune's favour right early I began,  
I am not rich, but then, you know, I am a happy man.

Your titled gentry pass me by, but do I feel forlorn ?  
A fig for all their pomp and pride ! a fig for all their scorn !  
How many hold a haughty head that meanly cheat and  
fawn ?  
I only buckle to my heart the simple honest man.

Give me a true and trusty friend, just of my own degree,  
With whom I always feel at home, and he the same  
with me ;  
And I have plenty good and true, both witty, wise, and gay,  
Who knew me well in days of yore, and I know them  
to-day.

---

*MICK MULLAN'S DAUGHTER.*

OCH, I'm sick of hearing said !  
“ Biddy M'Ghee's a nimble dancer ;  
Norah M'Kie : you'd love the maid  
If you only saw her once, sir ;”  
While a third proclaims his prize,  
And bawls into your ear like thunder,  
“ Miss M'Watter, with her eyes,  
Would tear your very heart asunder.”

CHORUS—

Tell me not of Biddy M'Ghee,  
Norah M'Kie, or Miss M'Watter,  
Never a one of any the three  
Could equal ould Mick Mullan's daughter.

She's the one to top them all,  
Fledged and feathered like any canary ;  
Had you seen her at Hanlan's ball,  
Skipping as light, ay ! and gay as a fairy :

Men were stunned, the maids did swoon,  
So confounding were her glances ;  
Faith ! I laughed to see the fun  
And such confusion in the dances.

Squinting big O'Connell swore  
He loved her dearly as his life, sir ;  
Dropping down upon the floor,  
Implored her to become his wife, sir.  
" Home you go, you fool," said she ;  
" What !" he cried, " I'll tell your father ;"  
" Tell your mother, sir, from me,  
Her silly son she ought to smother."

Boys came crowding, thick and thin,  
Round about ould Mullan's cabin ;  
Some stay out, while some walk in,  
But och ! the farce to see them lavin'.  
Tim O'Hara doffed his coat,  
And swore as if before some jury,  
To drown himself, or cut his throat,  
While all the rest made off like fury.

Now if you listen, here's the plan  
That I adopted for to seize her :  
I just resolved to be a man,  
And neither humbug, plague, or tease her.  
Of course I donned my coat o' blue,  
My corduroys, and buckskin vest, sir ;  
I met her, then, with " How are you ?"  
And boldly hugged, and clapped, and kissed her.

"What does this mean?—your name is Pat?"

"Yes, yes, my dear, and your's is Mullan;"

"I pray you, sir, get out o' that!"

"Come now, my love, I know you're foolin'."

With that she dropt into a swoon,

I whispered, "Shall I call your mother!"

She squeezed my hand, and, waking soon,

Said, "Pat, I dreamt you were my brother."

I kissed her fifty times at least,

And then I kissed her for our family ;

"Give over, Pat, I'll tell the priest ;"

"The priest, indeed ! in troth, that's timely :

You'll introduce me, too," said I ;

"And just the day and hour be stating ;"

"Next year," said she ; I cried, "Oh, fie!"

"Well, Pat, I will not keep you waiting."

---

*A STURDY MILLER, FRANK AND FAIR.*

A STURDY miller, frank and fair,

Just turning twenty-one,

His eydent faither, lately gane,

Had left him gear and lan' ;

Twa naigs, three kye, a barn, a kiln,

Wi' acres ten to farm and till,

And doon the burn a busy mill

That grund for beast and man.



## CHORUS—

And aye the water made a' the wheels clatter,  
And stanes spin merrilie ;  
Their hale day's sang, " A happy man,  
The Miller o' the Dee."

When lads and lasses met at nicht  
To dance upon the green,  
I trow he made them a' stand round,  
Or dust wid blind their een ;  
Slap through the figure eight, and lo !  
Sae nimbly set on heel and toe,  
Or reel, and wheel, and kiss his joe ;  
The bagpipes skirlin' keen.

And yet the miller wasna proud,  
Nor dreamt o' wealth and fame ;  
His faither was an honest man,  
He strove to be the same.  
Content to toil, to fill the cog  
Of maid or mistress, priest, or rogue,  
His lordship's naig, my lady's dog,  
He grund for a' that came.

Doon Auchinglen a widow lived,  
And her sweet dochter, Kate ;  
Now somehow in the miller's walk  
That house cam' in his gate ;

He'd delve their yard, or tend their coo,  
Or ca' the kirn, or reel the woo,  
Syne hiddlins pree young Katie's mou',  
The miller wasna blate.

Noo Katie was her mither's pride,  
And a' the country's praise ;  
The brewer took a glower their way  
Half-fu' on market days.  
Twa city squires cam' in their gigs,  
Three auld moss lairds cam' on their legs,  
But och ! she gaed them a' their flegs,  
And blessed the miller's ways.

When Martinmas had cleared the fields,  
And filled the miller's flair,  
And Katie's mither should haen meal,  
Yet fie'nt a bag cam' near ;  
Ae afternoon, when in the toon,  
Kate called upon the miller loon ;  
He took her in and set her doon  
Wi' muckle pride and care.

Daylicht had fled, and when the mune  
Was shining on the mill,  
Aft, aft she spoke o' gawn awa',  
And yet she aye sat still.  
He praised her lips, her cheeks, her een,  
And said they micht hae graced a queen :  
She smiling on his breast did lean,  
And there he kissed his fill.

Ten by the clock ! her mither aff  
And sought by town and shaw,  
But nane o' her ; till at the mill,  
And there she found the twa.  
Quo' she, " What made ye cross the door ?  
How could ye brook such dirt and stour ?  
You ! that may drive in coach and four—  
Up ! up, and come awa ! "


The year spun round, and spring came on,  
Wi' daisies opening wide,  
And Katie and the miller lad  
Appeared bridegroom and bride ;  
Now years o' wedded bliss are bye,  
He tends the mill, she tends the kye,  
Their pride, a curly-headed fry  
Around their ain fireside.

---

*G L E N   R O S A — A   B A L L A D .*

O, THE wee burnie danced to the merry maiden's sang,  
Glen Rosa, O Glen Rosa !  
And the young laird listened, as the melting echoes rang,  
On the bonnie, bonnie braes o' Glen Rosa.

The warm sun it glinted aff her bright gowden hair,  
Glen Rosa, O Glen Rosa !  
And lichted in the heart o' the laddie hidin' there,  
On the bonnie, bonnie braes o' Glen Rosa.



He slipped frae the firs, and he took her by the hand,  
Glen Rosa, O Glen Rosa !

He promised her his heart, his castle, gear, and land,  
On the bonnie, bonnie braes o' Glen Rosa.

A trout lap in the burn, and a yowe it brak the slap,  
Glen Rosa, O Glen Rosa !

As twa yatterin' piets drapped a thorn in her lap,  
On the bonnie, bonnie braes o' Glen Rosa.

But she couldna say nay, for her heart was in a lowe,  
Glen Rosa, O Glen Rosa !

So they niffered lovers' airts, and made a solemn vow,  
On the bonnie, bonnie braes o' Glen Rosa.

Then awa' the laddie hied for his faither's consent,  
Glen Rosa, O Glen Rosa !

But the laird bade his son wed a lady a' unkent  
On the bonnie, bonnie braes o' Glen Rosa.

When simmer fine had flown, and winter wild had passed,  
Glen Rosa, O Glen Rosa !

Oh, waefu', waefu' news ! reached the lovely maid at last,  
On the bonnie, bonnie braes o' Glen Rosa.

The lad she lo'ed sae weel, O a lady he had ta'en,  
Glen Rosa, O Glen Rosa !

And sae was comin' back soon tae live amang his ain,  
On the bonnie, bonnie braes o' Glen Rosa.

Sair, sair the lassie grat as she lingered by the pool,  
Glen Rosa, O Glen Rosa !  
And wondered if the trouties e'er dreed sic heavy dool,  
On the bonnie, bonnie braes o' Glen Rosa.


She cried, "Can the birdies thole a broken heart like me?"  
Glen Rosa, O Glen Rosa !  
But her auld friends, the piets, sat cheetlin' on a tree,  
On the bonnie, bonnie braes o' Glen Rosa.

She looked through her tears at the sheep upon the hill,  
Glen Rosa, O Glen Rosa !  
And saw them a' feedin' sae quietly at their will,  
On the bonnie, bonnie braes o' Glen Rosa.

So the flocks, and the birds, and the dainty little fish,  
Glen Rosa, O Glen Rosa !  
They sport amang themsel's as they ettle, or they wish,  
On the bonnie, bonnie braes o' Glen Rosa.

But a high haughty laird he maun sneer at Nature's law,  
Glen Rosa, O Glen Rosa !  
But, tell me ! is he happier or better after a' ?  
On the bonnie, bonnie braes o' Glen Rosa.

The green woods are noddin' in the balmy simmer air,  
Glen Rosa, O Glen Rosa !  
But the puir trustin' lass winna see them ony mair,  
On the bonnie, bonnie braes o' Glen Rosa.



So, when the faithless laird gangs a-hunting on the braes,  
Glen Rosa, O Glen Rosa !

He heaves a heavy sigh for his love o' former days,  
On the bonnie, bonnie braes o' Glen Rosa.

For the lady he wed is a feckless, silly dame,  
Glen Rosa, O Glen Rosa !

And the proud laird he lives in an eerie bairnless hame,  
On the bonnie, bonnie braes o' Glen Rosa.

---

*KATIE GLEN.*

AIR—"Owre the Muir among the Heather."

As I was passing Larbert mill,  
And listenin' to its dinsome clatter,  
O wha the warld should pass by ?  
But Katie Glen o' Carron water.

CHORUS—

Canty Kate o' Carron water,  
Canty Kate o' Carron water :  
The glamour o' her witching  
Made folks crazy glowerin' at her.

The miller, frae the door aboon,  
He spied me keekin' fondly at her :  
"Ah, lad," quo' he, "A bonnie lass,  
But dinna think ye'll ever get her."

On musing owre the miller's words,  
I straightway feed me wi' her father ;  
That very day my airls gat,  
And bonnie Katie was the payer.

But guess ye how my heart played dunt,  
When first I heard aboot her marriage  
Wi' auld M'Donnart—saxty-four—  
The laird and farmer o' Drumwhurrage.

And och ! the time was fleein' fast,  
The simmer spent, the waddin' nearin' ;  
But, fegs, I gat her on a crack  
Ae bonnie day when busy shearin'.

We sat doon on a flowery bank,  
Nor left until roused by her mither :  
Yet not ere we had kissed our fill,  
And plighted troth wi' ane anither.

That nicht the laird cam' owre gey fu',  
And said the cries were in for Sunday ;  
And gat her faither's free consent,  
The weddin' should tak' place on Monday.

Now up sprang Kate, and cried "Guidman  
I trow ye need na craw sae vantie !  
I'm no for you, but gin ye like,  
Gae 'yont the fire and tak' my auntie."

---

Syne turnin' round, she looked at me :  
    " This is my plighted joe, Guid bless him !  
And sae tak' note, afore ye a'  
    I'm no ashamed to own't, and kiss him."

When Kate had done her faither leuch,  
    Her mither, kind soul, fell a-greetin' ;  
Her auntie sat as quiet's a mouse,  
    Her lips were white, her heart loud beatin'.

The laird, amazed, cried, " This coves a' ;  
    Guid save 's ! the lassie isna cannie ;  
I'm glad I've found the hussy out,  
    I'm better wi' her auntie Nannie."

And so I married bonny Kate,  
    The laird he married Katie's auntie ;  
Her folks were pleased, the laird was proud,  
    And Kate and I are unco vauntie.

---

*MIRREN'S WA GAUN.*

AIR—" Hills o' Glenorchy."

Now, Mirren, I've packed up your claes in your kistie,  
    Wi' a' the bit nick-nacks frae auld Widow Nairne,  
And bonnie tosh mantle coft by auntie Kirsty,  
    Alang wi' the Bible frae Mattha M'Laren ;



And when in the city, amang the gay-hearted,  
I pray ilka nicht let your thochts be hame-airted,  
On a' in the house here, and faither departed,  
And yer mither's blessing gae wi' ye, my bairn.

Beware o' the stranger that seeks aye to flatter,  
Nor hope frae ungodly aught worthy to learn,  
The ane is a fool, as unstable as water,  
The ither a wretch wi' a heart hard as airn.  
Let nae dandy gallant mak' licht o' yer beauty,  
But bide by the richt, keeping honest and true, tae ;  
Wi' hopes set on Heaven, on earth do your duty,  
And yer mither's blessing gae wi' ye, my bairn.

E'en should a kind lad seek your hand as a lover,  
Think weel ere you grant it, for mind you, dear Mirren,  
Aft great folks hae rued it, ay ! over and over,  
Wha didna tak' time, ither's tempers to learn.  
Be chaste in your dress, conversation, and carriage,  
And should Heaven will that you wed, e'en at your age,  
Let pure virgin kisses speak thanks at your marriage,  
And may the Lord's blessing rest on ye, my bairn.



*THE BAIRNIES, O!*

AIR—"The Boatie Rows."

TIME's tide o' twenty years has run  
To life's absorbing main,  
Since Minny sent me aff tae schule  
In charge o' Majie Bain;  
Those were the days—dear daffin days,  
What joys they yet instil;  
The plots and pranks, wi' ither bairns,  
When I was at the schule.

CHORUS—

The bairnies, O! the bairnies, O!  
The bairnies at the schule;  
O, happy may the bairnies be!  
Whatever sphere they fill.

When "leave" came round, the wild uproar  
At close contested games  
Aft brought the wrath upon our heads  
Of peace-devoted dames.  
But sorest pang—I feel it still—  
To hear the whistle blaw,  
And stop the spirit-stirring sport  
At peeries, bools, or ba'.

The tryst-time set us plaitin' whips,  
And trimming sticks sae trig,  
To drive the cattle, in our glee,  
Across the Bainsford brig;  
Where drovers' guttural Gaelic rang  
Aboon the babel rout  
O' hawlers, scowmen, cadger folk,  
And roarin' Hieland nowte.

Proud was the heart o' ony bairn,  
When he, wi' lusty stroke,  
And savers crossed the auld canal  
Below the ravel lock.  
And aft we spoke o' Symington,  
When we Taphill wud pass,  
Where wrecked the world's first steamboat lay,  
His famed "Charlotte Dundas." (a)

And a' the fishin', nestin' raids  
To Carron's broomy braes—  
The rinnin', doukin' tournaments,  
And hidin' ither's claes.  
But sic a farce when souple Tam  
Gaed wallop ower the stile,  
Nude into farmer R—n—d's arms,  
Wha threatened him wi' jail.

---

(a) This vessel was built by Mr. Hart, of Grangemouth, for Symington, in 1801.

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When fresh from dear historic tales  
 O' Fa'kirk's classic ground,  
 We trod like little heroes then  
 To storied stane (*b*) and mound. (*c*)  
 There where the Romans built the wall, (*d*)  
 No further dared they come!  
 And there where Wallace stood and and fought  
 For freedom and for home! (*e*)

And half-way round the Bottom road  
 The brave auld yew-tree (*f*) stood,

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(*b*) Wallace-stone, a pillar ten feet high, stands on the summit of a hill about a mile south-east of Callander Wood, and marks the spot occupied by Wallace and a portion of his troops the day previous to the battle of Falkirk, 22nd July, 1298.

(*c*) Two Mounds at Dunipace, each about 60 feet high, and standing 200 yards apart, are supposed to be sepulchres of ancient Britons.

(*d*) From Callander estate on the east to that of Glenfuir on the west, portions of the wall (locally termed Graham's Dyke) may still be seen.

(*e*) Mungal-Head on the north, the village of Bainsford on the east, the "Bogreach" between Locks No. 6 and 7 of the Forth and Clyde Canal on the south, and the Terrace Plantin' on the west; these places may be said to encircle the ground upon which the first battle of Falkirk was fought.

(*f*) Correctly speaking Græme is said to have fallen a short distance north-east from where this tree latterly grew; for it was one of three planted upon the North Moor of Falkirk to mark the spot where the gallant hero fell. When Thornhill House was built the trees were enclosed within the ground, but were uprooted because of their foliage being poisonous to cattle. The late Mr. Thomas Ford of the Firs had them transplanted into the hedgerow of his garden, this took place in the end of last or beginning of this century. Two of them died shortly after removal, the one referred to above was cut down several years ago.

*Apropos* of yew trees—A magnificent one was removed from Mungal-Head garden in 1858, and planted in the grounds of Arnotdale by the late Mr. James Russell. The present proprietor Mr. James Ross, kindly granted the writer liberty to measure this tree: the circumference of the trunk taken at

To mark where Græme in battle fell,  
 And wept its tears o' bluid.  
 The auld kirkyard on yonder brae  
 Still shows admiring eyes  
 His resting-place : where you may read,  
 He "reskewit Scotland thrice."

And brave John Stewart slumbers there,  
 A comrade of the Græme,  
 And bold Munro, who pledged his life  
 To stop a mad-cap's game,  
 When south the way Prince Charlie led  
 Victorious troops to war ;  
 But other fields, and dark, dark days,  
 Proclaimed his luckless star.

Such stirring tales we never tired  
 To hear the master tell ;  
 How Scotland couldna be subdued,  
 And how the Saxon fell ;  
 And a' his trophies o' those days  
 We laddies held sae dear :  
 An auld horse-shoe (*g*), a bit bore stane, (*h*)  
 A helmet (*i*) and a spear.

---

9 inches from the ground is 68 inches, and at the extremity of its branches 40 yards. Many believe this tree formerly marked the spot where some other renowned Scottish hero fell.

(*g*) The horse shoe referred to was found about fifty years ago at Halbert's Bog near the "Borestone," Bannockburn.

(*h*) A bit of the famous "Borestone" of Bannockburn.

(*i*) The helmet and spear, relics lent by gentlemen for the purpose of showing them to the scholars.

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Wood models, maps (*j*), and instruments,  
Sprang frae his cunning hand,  
That shed a charm o'er a' he said,  
And sweetened his command ;  
And though a bairn I mind the bout  
O' best mechanic skill,  
When Sandy Frazer gat the prize :  
He made a water mill.

Light were our steps, and high our hopes,  
On "Hansel Monday" morn ;  
A day of mirth and compliments,  
And feast and song by turn ;  
The "White Cockade" upon the flute,  
Still lingers in mine ear  
And a' the scholars' wild "hurrahs"  
For schule and master dear.

The master, O ! the master, O !  
The master o' the schule ;  
O happy may the master be !  
Lang, lang his sphere to fill.

---

(*j*) One map deserves to be preserved, this is a map of the first Battle-field of Falkirk, finished with great care in detail ; ere the farmers of late years had removed or levelled so many of the old landmarks.

*WE'RE A' GAUN TO THE WADDIN'.*

## CHORUS.

WE'RE a' gaun to the waddin' ; lassie, will ye gang ?  
We're a' gaun to the waddin' ; lassie, will ye gang ?  
We're a' gaun to the waddin' ; lassie, will ye gang ?  
O lassie will ye gang and dance along wi' me ;

Young Lewis Græme has come of age and ranks his faither's  
heir,  
And Maggie Scott his bonnie bride has gat her granny's gear ;  
So they've resolved to hae a feast and nae expenses spare,  
To mak' their freens and neebours blythe upon their  
waddin' day.

Young Dougal Dun and I are aff to bid the clachan roun',  
And mak' a nice selection o' the kent folk o' the toon,  
And crowds, on crowds shall fill the road as thick as stars  
aboon,  
The country folk to auld Torwood, the lave to Berryside.

The toon bred lads may hurry aff as they come frae their  
wark,  
And a' those taigled wi' their joes can scud across the park ;  
The barn door 'ill no be shut until its fairly dark,  
Then a' can feast, and sing, and dance, until the early morn.

By Torwood's crumblin' castle wa' we'll build a beacon high,  
Wi' tarry firs and sturdy oaks, and peats baith hard and dry ;  
And lowes shall throw a scad o' licht like streamers in the sky,  
Frae Cocklerue to Bonnymair, and north as far's Bencleuch.

And mony a bonny lass 'ill come wi' mony a buirdly chiel,  
And pipers out o' Stirling toon, to mak' the bagpipes squeal ;  
And by the fire they'll feast and sing, and round the fire  
they'll reel,  
And those that canna dance or sing, 'ill clap their hands  
and hooch !

And in the roomy ha' and barn o' bonnie Berryside,  
As droll a crowd's to gather there as ever cheered a bride ;  
For some will come by water way and some in carriage ride,  
But deed the largest lot o' a' maun tramp it on their legs.

For Berryside that day maun boast o' paper lords and real ;  
And briefless lawyers free o' debt, and priests wha preach  
the deil ;  
And doctors wi' devoted faith in powders, knife, and pill ;  
Wi' a' their gentle lady friends preserved in musk and  
paint.

And Willie Waugh the joiner guid wha ne'er used bomint-  
ague,  
And Rabbie Tam the greasy smith wha weel can shoe a naig,  
And Bauldy Broon the poacher loon, each keepers' dread  
and plague :  
Wi' a' their sonsie wives sae braw, that feast and never  
faint.



And beggar Sam the sodger guid a' covered owre wi' scars ;  
Wee Patie Gray the pensioner wha shirk'd the bluidy wars ;  
Beside a crowd on crutches, ay ! a' gallant Jacky-Tars  
That never heard a cannon roar or sailed upon the sea.

Lang randy Ann, and dandy Nan, and blethering Jenny  
Watt,  
And jumpin' Jean, and limpin' Teen, and pursie Peggy Piet ;  
And Susie Snip wi' supple knee, wha's guidman whups-the-  
cat,  
Amang the aristocracy, as far as Camelon toon.

And loud reports o' musketry shall rend the morning air ;  
Frae rusty guns that's lain aside since fired at Sherriemuir ;  
And three men o' the yeomanry shall mak' their trumpets  
blare,  
To warn a' the stragglers the guests are gaun tae dine.

An orchestra frae Embro', lass, to gar the rafters ring  
Wi' rousing reel and hullachan, and mony a bonny spring ;  
And lilt a sweet accompaniment to those that rant and sing,  
Indeed the best o' everything 's to grace the waddin' feast.

And flags 'ill flee frae every lum that's loyal to the cause,  
And banners broad shall decorate the ha' and barren wa's,  
A' hung around wi' evergreens, in clusters and in raws,  
Wi' mottoes short, and mottoes lang, and mony a strange  
device.

Weel, first of a', "God save the Queen, our country's praise  
and pride,"

Syne down below, "God bless and speed the bridegroom  
and the bride ;"

Next, "Lang life and prosperity to a' at Berryside,  
Wi' plenty in their girnals aye ! and guid claes on their  
backs."

---

*JOCKIE AND JENNY.*

JENNY.

HARK ! the clock is warning ten ;  
Mind my mither 'ill sune be ben.

JOCKIE.

Jist ae kiss, and then I go.

JENNY.

Jockie ! ah, Jockie ; no, no, no.

JOCKIE.

What ! not e'en a parting smack ;  
Come, jist ane, to fetch me back.

JENNY.

Ye are free to come or go ;  
But for kissin'—no, no, no.  
The bonniest lass when indiscreet,  
Owre late may baith repent and greet.

JOCKIE.

Dear me ! ae kiss to yer ain joe.

JENNY.

Jockiè ! ah, Jockie ; no, no, no.

JOCKIE.

I've coft your mither a bonnie gown  
O' finest silk in Embro' toon.

JENNY.

Kiss her then, and aff ye go.

JOCKIE.

Jenny ! ah, Jenny ; no, no, no.

JENNY.

There ! my faither has barred the door ;  
He'll think I'm in my bed this hour.

JOCKIE.

Then ae kiss, and aff I go.

JENNY.

Jockie ! ah, Jockie ; no, no, no.

JOCKIE.

Then wear this ring, and be my ain,  
And bid me welcome back again ;  
Oh ! tell me need I hurry and go ?

JENNY.

Dear me, Jockie! no, no, no.  
Listen! we're free, I am sae glad  
Faither and mither are baith in bed.

JOCKIE.

Ye widna object gin I kiss ye, so?

JENNY.

I winner tae hear ye; no, no, no.

BOTH SING.

The bonniest lass when indiscreet  
Owre late may baith repent and greet;  
Bnt when she has a faithfu' joe

JOCKIE.

Never, dear Jenny; no, no, no.

JENNY.

Never, dear Jockie; no, no, no!

---

*THE BANKS O' THE CLYDE.*

AIR—"The Brier Bush."

THE scented brier blooms bonnie on the banks o' the Clyde  
And woodbine babs o' hinnie on the banks o' the Clyde;  
But sweeter than a flower after gentle sunny shower,  
My love by Bothwell Tower, on the banks o' the Clyde.

---

The mavis in the plantin', on the banks o' the Clyde,  
 Aye whistles sae enchantin', on the banks o' the Clyde,  
 When gloamin' sets the hour, and I court my love secure,  
 In the woods by Bothwell Tower, on the banks o' the Clyde.

The grand duke lo'es his palace, on the banks o' the Clyde;  
 And schulemen haunts o' Wallace, on the banks o' the Clyde;  
 And I yon fairy bower, whaur the water's croonin' owre  
 A joyfu' hymn o' praise, by the banks o' the Clyde.

Ye powers that gift life's pleasures, on the banks o' the  
     Clyde;  
 Gie worldly men earth's treasures, on the banks o' the Clyde;  
 Grant me Heaven's highest dower, to haud till life's last  
     hour,  
 My Kate, by Bothwell Tower, on the banks o' the Clyde.

---

*B O N N I E   C A S T L E C A R Y .*

CHORUS—

COME awa', come awa',  
 Come awa', my Mary,  
 And spend the afternoon wi' me  
 At bonnie Castlecary.

I'll tak' ye up the castle glen,  
 The haunt o' coot, and cutty wren;  
 By bracken bank, and grassy fen,  
 And rocky knowe sae airy.

---

Wi' rushes green I'll weave a fan  
To screen ye frae the blazing sun,  
For naething can look heedless on  
Thy charming face, my Mary.

And for tae please you, gin you like,  
There's hinnie in the fuggies' byke,  
And mony a bunch along the dyke  
O' finely-flavoured berry.

There's caller water in the well  
An emblem o' yer bonnie sel':  
As pure as dew in heather bell;  
Sae meet for thee, my Mary.

Where men and maids are making hay,  
We'll hae rare fun, and help them, tae;  
As round the rucks we jinking play,  
At "Bogle catch the fairy."

And, lassie, lest ye should be ta'en,  
I wouldna hae ye hide alane;  
I couldna spare a kiss—no ane  
Frae thy sweet mou', my Mary.



*BLOW SOFTLY, THOU LOVE-LADEN WIND  
O' THE WEST.*

Blow softly, thou love-laden wind o' the west,  
And waft my dear sailor ance mair to my breast;  
Row gently, ye billows, across the wide main,  
And safely restore me my Jamie again.

Twa simmers are fled, and three winters are past,  
So now I await my dear laddie at last;  
His face may be tanned, but his heart will be fain,  
And oh! gin I saw my dear Jamie again.

But hark! there's a sound; 'tis the song of the brave  
And see yonder sail, like a bird on the wave:  
The flag wi' those emblems—a gift o' my ain;  
Now soon I shall see my dear Jamie again.

The anchor is cast, and the sailors ashore,  
And Jamie beside me, wi' trinkets galore;  
But the best gift of a', his heart without stain;  
And I winna part wi' my Jamie again.

---

*THE MASK.*

“FAREWELL, love. the king calls to duty,  
To-morrow by mid-day I'm gone,  
But pray, may I think on thy beauty,  
And come back to find thee my own?”

Shall no sighing rival e'er grieve me  
By planting a kiss on thy brow?  
Oh! say, wilt thou never deceive me,  
But ever keep true to thy vow?"

"But what if some rich maid of honour  
Surprise you at court masquerade?  
Wilt thou not shower kisses upon her,  
Forgetting your poor village maid?  
Nay, haply, exchange with each other  
A token whereby to be known,  
While I all my fondest hopes smother,  
And die, broken-hearted, alone."

"Last year I exchanged a love-token,  
But, ah me! the dear one is dead,  
Else she would have made signs, or spoken,  
And soon by the bishop been wed.  
Her face dimmed the painter's creation,  
With manner engaging and free:  
In truth, didst thou move in her station,  
I frankly had sworn thou wert she."

"Last year, did you say?—how time hastens!  
A baron then gave me his hand;  
Why stare so? for, saving your presence,  
The bravest young lord in the land.  
Beloved for his gifts by the poorest,  
A favourite, too, with the king;  
His counsels were éver the surest:  
Come, guess then, who gave me this ring?"



"'Twas I, love ; and do I discover  
The dear one for whom I did mourn ?  
Oh ! come to the heart of thy lover,  
And pray take thy ring in return.  
Let's hasten away, and not tarry,  
The Court will receive you in state ;  
And then—why, to-morrow we marry  
You know, love, the king cannot wait."

---

*MY HANDSOME HIGHLAND LADDIE.*

My mither flytes, my faither frowns,  
And vows he'll leave me ne'er a penny,  
Unless I marry Lowrie Todd,  
The auld lame laird o' Wasterdenny.  
But how can I wed Lowrie Todd ?  
My plighted troth is gi'en already  
To ane across the Ochil hills,  
My ain, my handsome Highland laddie.

Had we ne'er met at Fa'kirk tryst,  
Nor ever danced in Embro city,  
I might hae tholed the wealthy laird,  
And aiblins married him—in pity.  
But wha could dance wi' Donald Graham,  
Then pree the laird—auld silly body ?  
Na ! na ! he's a' the world to me !—  
My ain, my handsome Highland laddie.

The birdies pair as Heaven wills  
Among the woods o' Castlecary ;  
My faither's herd is free to rove,  
And court his joe at Auchinstarry ;  
But I within the castle wa's,  
Maun pine a lone and weary lady,  
Resolved on death, if lang denied  
My ain, my handsome Highland laddie.

His hair the glossy raven's wing,  
His cheeks the ruddy mountain berry ;  
And powerfu' arms, soon to row  
Me safely ower Kincardine ferry.  
For since he kens I'm closely kept  
A prisoner by a cankerous daddy,  
He'll risk his life to set me free,  
My ain, my handsome Highland laddie.

That night a warning pebble smote  
Her window pane when a' was dreary,  
And lookin' ower she saw four lads—  
The tallest there her cherished dearie.  
She louped frae the window hie  
Into a hame-spun stented plaidie,  
And soon was safely owre the hills  
Wi' her ain handsome Highland laddie.



*F A I R   M A I D .*

AIR—"Gilderoy."

FAIR maid, fair maid, how short thy life,  
How sad, how full of woe ;  
A weary bride, but ne'er a wife,  
Ere Death had laid thee low—  
Ere kindly Death, with visage grim,  
Had set thy cares at rest,  
And all the troubled thoughts of him  
Who spurned thee from his breast.

Ah ! little, little, thought thy friends,  
When forcing thee from me,  
That worldly wealth could make amends  
For love's sweet liberty.  
Oh ! what avails a princely state,  
And all earth's fine array,  
If love awakes not love, but hate ?  
Then hope shall fly away.

'Tis his to bear the galling throes  
Of treachery and shame ;  
And thine to taste Heaven's sweet repose,  
Beyond our praise or blame.  
Dear spirit ! wilt thou shine on me,  
And fill my heart with love ?  
That so, when dying, I may be  
Ranked with the saints above.

---

*J A C K Y - T A R .*

My Cousin Jean comes o'er at e'en,  
And brags about her ploughman ;  
While Auntie May sings a' the day,  
There's nae man like a yeoman.  
But as for me, I laugh, he ! he !  
And hear them baith, and let them be ;  
My bonnie lad is at the sea—  
A gallant and a true man.

## CHORUS—

Then heigho for Jacky-Tar,  
Jacky-Tar's my lover ;  
Braver sailor never passed  
Through the Straits o' Dover.

He'll faither bring rare birds that sing,  
And mither China dishes,  
My brither Pate declares he'll get  
A monkey frae Mauritius.  
But let me see ! I guess, he ! he !  
There's nane kens what he'll fetch to me ;  
And I shall frankly pay him wi'  
A half-a-hunner kisses.

His een sae blue, the ocean's hue,  
And teeth its purest pearls ;  
A yearling trout his dainty foot,  
The mermaid's gift his curls.

And what think ye!—hurrah! he! he!  
These are the gifts he means to gie,  
A' to a puir man's bairn like me:  
They're fitter for an earl's.

---

*THE HIGHLAND EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.*

AIR—"Flora Macdonald's Lament."

LAND of my clansmen, thou fairest of islands,  
Studding the sea like a beautiful star;  
Famed above all the famed spots in the Highlands,  
Cherished in hearts that are banished afar.  
Exiled and landless, I now swell the numbers  
Ousted to make way for sportsmen and game;  
Oh! if our old sires could wake from their slumbers,  
Land of my faithers, my ain Highland hame;  
Land of my faithers, land of my faithers,  
Land of my faithers, my ain Highland hame.

Gone are the days when the chief and his clansmen  
Fought side by side in a good loyal cause,  
Heading the van still the bravest of landsmen,  
Proud of their name and a nation's applause;  
Now the gay laird he must revel in splendour,  
Takes what oppression may grant him to claim;  
Yea! then, by Heaven! there is blight in his grandeur;  
Land of my faithers, my ain Highland hame;  
Land of my faithers, land of my faithers,  
Land of my faithers, my ain Highland hame.

Farewell, thou dear rocky shore of Dunvegan !  
Dear to the heart of the poor fisher boy ;  
Sligachan, farewell ; and bonnie Skyleakin !  
Haunts of Prince Charlie, my soul's pride and joy.  
Farewell, sweet Gaery, and friends true, if lowly !  
Farewell, my true love, I'll cherish thy name !  
Farewell, my brave sire, the sainted and holy !  
Farewell for ever, my dear Highland hame !  
Farewell for ever ! a tear pledged for ever !  
For ever and ever ! my dear Highland hame !

---

*FIERCE THE CAULD NICHT WIND WAS  
SWEEPING.*

FIERCE the cauld nicht wind was sweeping  
Down the herd deserted glade,  
And the spated linns were leaping  
Where the ill-set kelpies trade,  
When a jilted lover sighing,  
Sought the storm to sooth his crying,  
Cold, and wet, and wind defying—  
This the bitter plaint he made :

“ Why thus leave me now, my Jessie ?  
Why thus coldly turn and go ?  
Never ! never thought I, lassie,  
Ever thou wouldst treat me so.

Then from me thou hast deserted !  
Can it be ? forever parted !  
Oh ! thou'st left me broken-hearted,  
Faint and weary, full of woe.

“Gone the smile that used to cheer me !  
Gone the words that used to flow !  
From a heart whenever near me,  
Banished all my care and woe,  
Banished every thought of sorrow,  
Fears or dreadings of the morrow,  
Made my heart gay as Aurora,  
When in brightness she doth glow.

“Now in darkness see me, Jessie !  
Here I wander all alone,  
From the world and you, dear lassie,  
For the world I held in one.  
Scoffed at, laughed at, jeered at, slighted,  
Like a traveller lost, benighted,  
Wandering crazy, dazed, affrighted,  
At the echo of his moan.”

---

*FLORA, THE TOAST O' GLENGARRY.*

HEARKEN, my Flora, while I pipe a pibroch ;  
Listen, and lend thy sweet voice to the chorus ;  
Steal out and meet me at end o' the wee loch,  
Where the sweet hours pass delightfully o'er us.

Duncan may sigh for thee,  
 Donald Gunn cry for thee,  
 Why! I would willingly lie down and die for thee,  
 Queen of my heart and the toast o' Glengarry.

Softly the zephyr now fans the lone mountain,  
 Bathed in a sunset of earth's rarest glory;  
 O! how my fond heart each moment is countin',  
 Maid of a brave race emblazoned in story.

Duncan may sigh for thee,  
 Donald Gunn cry for thee,  
 Why! I would willingly lie down and die for thee,  
 Queen of my heart and the toast o' Glengarry.

Yonder my Flora now entering the wildwood,  
 Singing as gaily as love-lilting mavis,  
 Tripping the old road we bounded in childhood,  
 Nimble as red deer on lofty Ben Wyvis.

Duncan may sigh for thee,  
 Donald Gunn cry for thee,  
 Why! I would willingly lie down and die for thee,  
 Queen of my heart and the toast o' Glengarry.

Tourists in summer but flock to our islands,  
 Trusting in grandeur to bury their sorrow;  
 Away! it is ever spring-time in the Highlands,  
 Living in sight of the cot of my Flora.

Duncan may sigh for thee,  
 Donald Gunn cry for thee,  
 Why! I would willingly lie down and die for thee,  
 Queen of my heart and the toast o' Glengarry.



*AROOND OOR FIRESIDE.*

AIR—"Sae will we yet."

O! ye sons o' the city, puir, puir is your cheer,  
When ye drift into debt on three hundred a-year;  
Just come oot tae auld Cairney, and seek for a bride  
That'll bring peace and plenty aroond your fireside;  
Aroond your fireside, aroond your fireside,  
That'll bring peace and plenty aroond your fireside.

See! there's John Shaw, my neighbour, the kindest o' men,  
Wi' a pound in the week, ay! and braw bairnies ten;  
A' his tastes are refined, wi' the Bible his pride,  
And there's aye peace and plenty aroond his fireside.  
Aroond his fireside, etc.

I hae lived in your great toons, and some thocht it strange  
That I sighed to get back to my hame by the Grange,  
Where the Kelvin rows smoothly awa' tae the Clyde,  
And there's aye peace and plenty aroond the fireside.  
Aroond the fireside, etc.

For sae cosy my hame, and sae couthy my wife,  
Wi' oor five steering bairnies, the joy o' oor life;  
So we trust to the High Hand aboon to provide,  
And there's aye peace and plenty aroond oor fireside.  
Aroond oor fireside, etc.

Noo has man nae mair purpose in life than a flea,  
Never dreading the gate he may gang when he dee?  
That the sweets o' pure conjugal bliss he'll deride,  
And the quiet peace and plenty aroond the fireside.  
Aroond the fireside, etc.

Scotia's name still shall shine like the bright sun aboon,  
If her sons only step in their forefaithers' shoon,  
Contented and happy, then whate'er may betide,  
They'll aye hae peace and plenty aroond the fireside.  
Aroond the fireside, etc.

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*AY, WHAUR HAE YE BEEN, MY HEARTY  
YOUNG HIGHLANDMAN?*

SHE.

Ay, whaur hae ye been, my hearty young Highlandman?  
Whaur, whaur hae ye been, my gallant young man?  
Ay, whaur hae ye been, my hearty young Highlandman?  
What are ye wanting? or whaur are ye gaun?  
The'ither nicht, sleeping, I dreamt I was weeping  
Upon your cauld grave, in a kirkyard sae green;  
But now I am waking, and nae mistake making,  
So, laddie, dear laddie, pray whaur hae ye been?

HE.

I hae been awa' doon wi' sheep to the Lowlands,  
Doon in the Lowlands, 'mang bodies sae braw;  
I hae been awa' doon wi' sheep to the Lowlands,  
Makin' mair tocher, my credit was sma'.  
Now, trusting and weary, I've come to my dearie,  
To tell her I love her, and love her as fain;  
Wi' a farm and steading, say when for our wedding?  
Then ye'll be forever and ever my ain.

SHE.

I hear ye, I hear ye, my hearty young Highlandman ;  
I hear, but just as I heardna ava ;  
I hear ye, I hear ye, my hearty young Highlandman,  
And heard ye speak, too, o' Lowlands sae braw.  
Ye crack o' yer loving—O, really, it's moving !  
I daresay ye'd prove't in a week, or say twa,  
When thochts o' some hizzie wud mak' yer head dizzy,  
And then ye'd skulk aff to the Lowlands awa'.

HE.

O, I hae seen many grand sights in the Lowlands,  
Met blooming hizzies fu' trig and fu' braw ;  
O, I hae seen many grand sights in the Lowlands,  
Frae great towering castle to wee farm ha' ;  
But off wi' the Lowlands ! give, give me the Highlands !  
And ae bonnie lassie that watches the fawn !  
Oft tho' she awes me, yet she aye ca's me,  
“ My hearty young Highlandman, gallant young man.”

SHE.

O, O, but you're wily, and weel worth the watching ;  
O, but you're wily, and winning o' tongue ;  
But if you are wily, and weel worth the watching ;  
Yet you are handsome, and manly, and young.  
No more then to tease ye, there, there, love, to please ye,  
And maybe my heart will soon follow my han' ;  
For sure never ony hae wooed like the bonny  
Brave hearty young Highlandman, gallant young man.

III.

Come, come to my bosom, nae mair I will leave ye,  
 Come awa', come awa', freely my ain ;  
 Come, come to my bosom, nae mair I will leave ye,  
 Oh, let me kiss thee, and kiss thee again.  
 It's lang I hae sought ye, and now since I've got ye,  
 Mak' haste, my sweet lassie, the dear day to name ;  
 And then at the wedding we'll dance round the steading,  
 And sit doon to find it a cosy wee hame.

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*WHERE ARE THE MEN THAT OUR CHILDREN  
 SHALL CHERISH ?*

WHERE are the men that our children shall cherish,  
 'Midst all the millions of mortals to-day ?  
 Is there a patriot whose deeds shall not perish,  
 Shining like beacon light pointing the way ?  
 Is there a bard in the thousands now climbing  
 Whose name shall adorn the summit of fame ?  
 Gifted with power to set broken hearts chiming  
 When sundered by misery, or burdened with shame ?

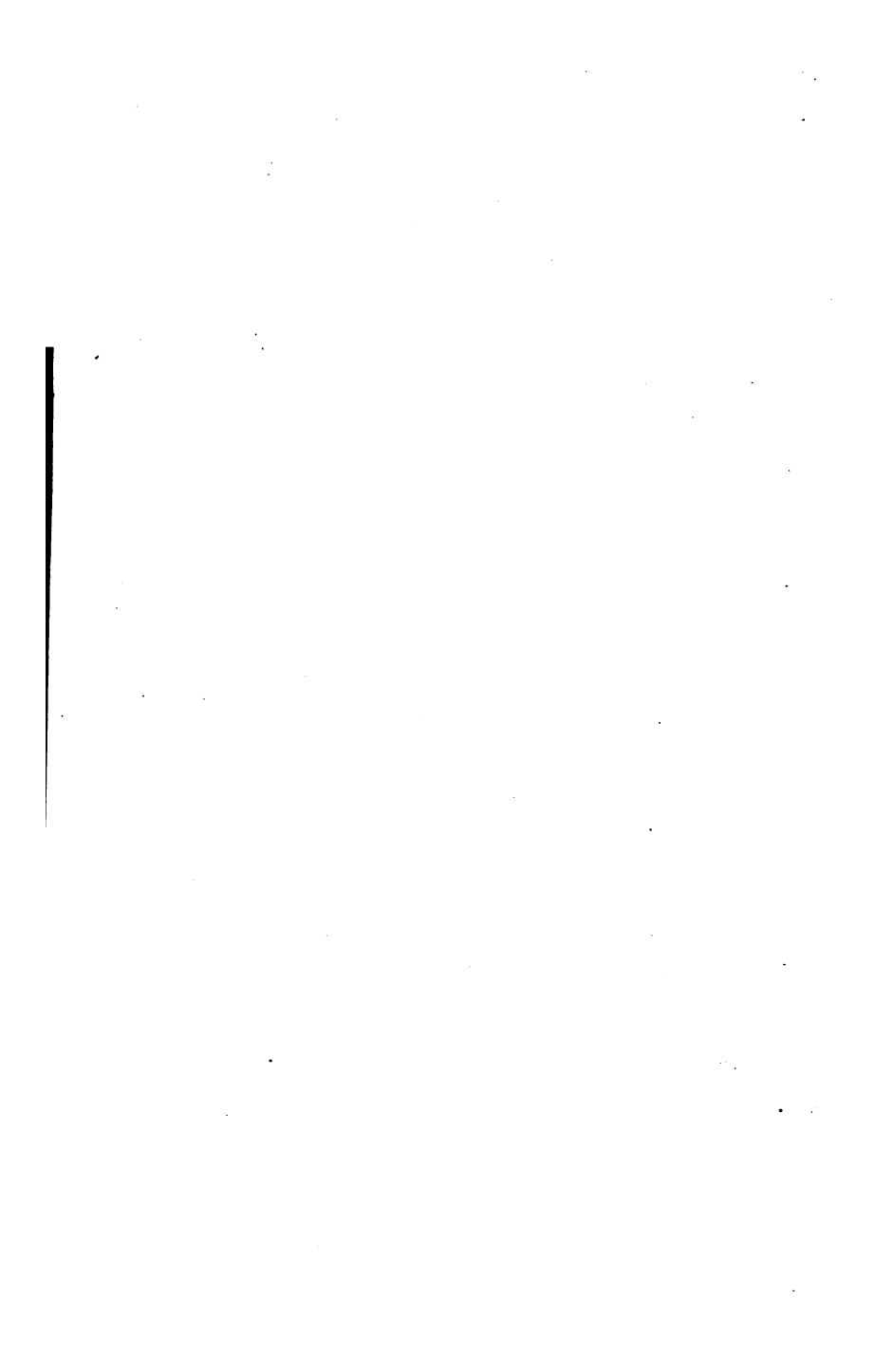
Yes, they are living in Highland and Lowland,  
 Rousing the crowd or communing, alone ;  
 Scattering the cold mist of misery in woeland,  
 Letting the light in from Love's mighty throne.

Scouted and jeered at as madmen in error,  
Threatened by those under tyranny's blight,  
Ay ! and condemned in fanatical terror  
By all who would rather have darkness than light.

Fear not, ye brave ones in village and city,  
Up still, and lift the poor trampled in dust,  
Thousands are near you, to help and to pity,  
With Heaven alone as your guide and your trust.  
Yours are the names that our children shall cherish,  
Yours are the deeds that are truly sublime :  
Self-seeking knavery in darkness shall perish,  
But Heaven's devoted grow brighter with time.



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